Saturday Review

JULY 29, 1961 / 25¢

RECORDINGS

Hemingway

A WORLD VIEW

Carlos Baker · John Ciardi · Ilya Ehrenburg
Granville Hicks · Arthur Knight · Carlo Levi
Harold Loeb · Leonard Lyons
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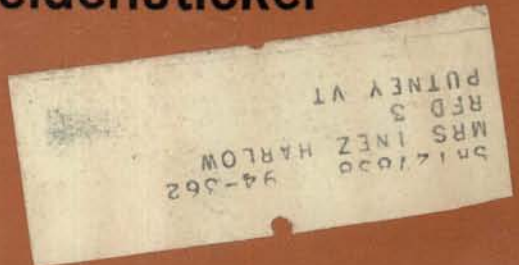
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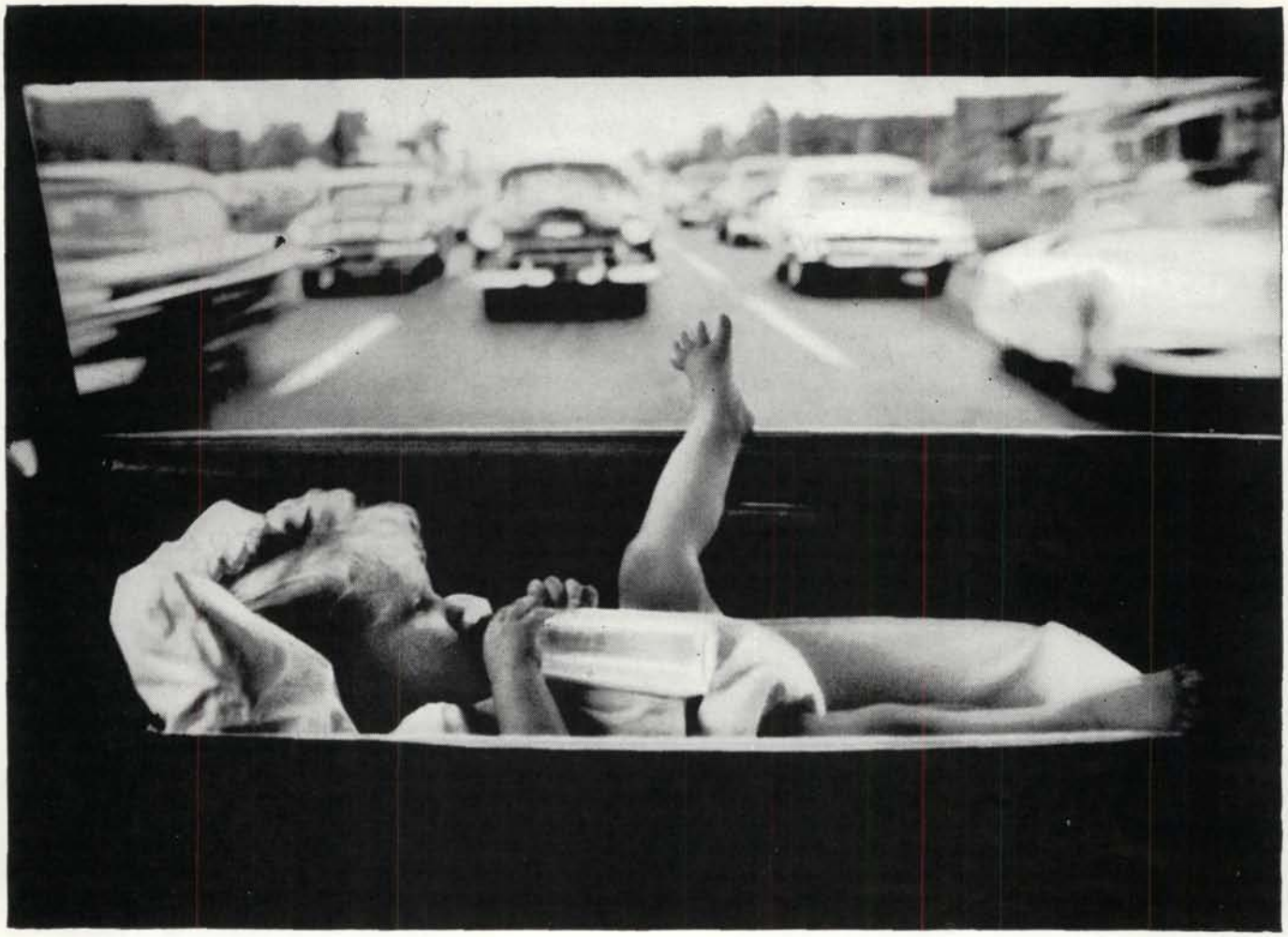

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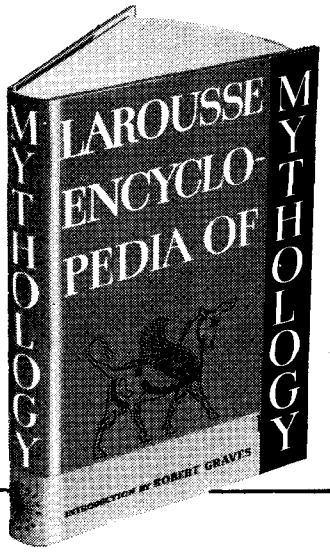

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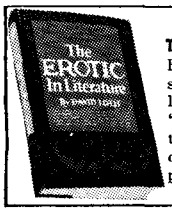

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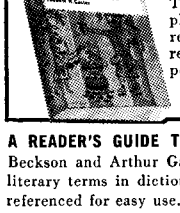

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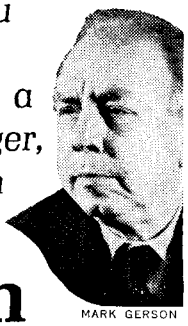
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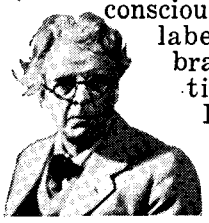

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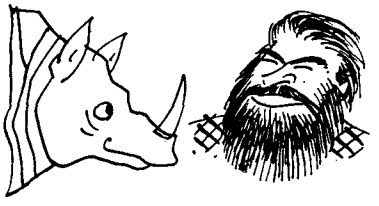
TRADE Winds

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The author of this week's Trade Winds, a widely syndicated newspaper columnist, was a long-time friend of Ernest Hemingway.*

"I CONCENTRATE," Ernest Hemingway wrote me, "in trying to get a book out which will not have one word changed from the way I could write if it were the last and only thing I ever would write—and everything I have found out about life is in it."

He described his profession as "writing hard-cover books for money." When he was asked to write an article, free, for a magazine devoted to the advancement of art, Hemingway declined: "I write for a living. I am not an artist." He always used the same battered old typewriter, and said: "It needs cleaning badly, but I'm like a baseball player who hates to change his uniform while he's on a hitting streak."

He told me about the titles of his books: "I want titles that are poetic and mysterious." And he said about



hunting: "The English kill for Sport, the Spanish for Pride, and the French for Food."

He saw the movie version of "For Whom the Bell Tolls" in eight instalments, in various movie theatres throughout the world. In the Stork Club one night, he told Ingrid Bergman that he disapproved of her love scene with Gary Cooper: "He didn't take his coat off. That's a helluva way for a guy to make love, with his coat on."

HEMINGWAY'S LETTERS were quite different from his published works: "I can write a letter easily, but it is almost always indiscreet, because I loosen up as completely as I can. I lost my facility in writing when I started to break up my own writing and rebuilt it like architecture."

His eldest son, John, confided that none of Hemingway's sons ever kept a record of their conversations with Papa: "We prefer telling our children about it, rather than reading it to them. Before man learned to write, the stories they handed down were true. The writers, it seems, garbled it."

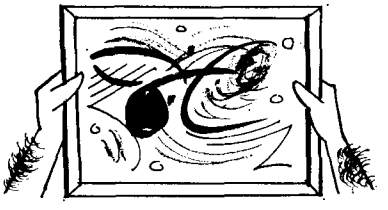
In explaining why he would bequeath his manuscripts to the New York Public Library, Hemingway said: "If the purpose of such collections is to have young writers learn from them, then the manuscripts should be in a place which is the most accessible."

HE HEARD THE NEWS of his Pulitzer Prize while he was on his boat, in a squall, listening to the radio. "The Cuban radio had it on the air every fifteen minutes," he said later. "I was glad I was not at home so as not to say anything wrong on the telephone. Imagine if you had asked me what my reactions were and I had said a lot of people, including myself, would have been happier if Native Dancer had won the Derby. But I am going to watch my goddam mouth now for a couple of years and see what happens. Maybe I will get respectable. Wouldn't that be wonderful?"

He sent his Pulitzer Prize check to his son, John, at Fort Bragg, and said: "It is the same as five months' jump-pay."

And after he won the Nobel Prize, he continued to adhere to his work schedule, seeing no visitors. "No matter how valuable a prize is, it may do you more harm than good," he said, "if you let it. No prize is worth interrupting a good book." He told why he gave his Nobel Prize medal to a church in Santiago: "You really don't feel you own something until you can give it away."

HEMINGWAY OWNED one of Miró's finest paintings, bought when he and the painter were young. He never bought



others, because he visited museums regularly: "And if you look at any painting often enough, you possess it."

Five years ago he took me on a tour of Paris, to point out the places he had known as a young man. "I drove a cab around here," he said. "Best way to get to know a city, driving a cab." As we walked, he maneuvered so that

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WE TAKE OUR TEXT FROM *Nikita Khrushchev*

"A Communist," he said in his report to the Central Committee on February 14, 1956, "has no right to be a mere onlooker."

The free world may deplore the methods used in the U.S.S.R. to insure the participation of its citizens in the plans of the Kremlin. But no one can deny that Khrushchev, after all, has put his finger on one of the strengths of dictatorship — and one of the weaknesses of democracy.

In our democratic society, you have the freedom of choice to be either active or passive, a doer or an onlooker, as you please. You may choose simply to stand and watch the world go by. That is your privilege, and no one can penalize you.

But if there is no law compelling you to be active, no dictator telling you that you must take your place in the ranks — and sending you to Siberia if you don't — is there not at least an implied moral obligation to be a participant rather than simply a spectator — a moral obligation with a force far greater than a dictator's rule? By definition, democracy is the rule of the people, and there is no rule when the people shirk their responsibilities.

Remember the sense of common purpose that we all shared in World War II, whether we were fighting or doing defense work or helping the Red Cross or planting a victory garden? In wartime, most of us accept the necessity for action — and act. But when the necessity grows less urgent, we tend to forget how stimulating it is to be active in a worthwhile cause, how satisfying the resulting sense of fulfillment. Instead, we fall back into the old habit of letting George do it.

Occasionally, a Presidential election stirs us out of our apathy, and we work for the party and the candidates we favor — or at least take the trouble to vote. But after it's over, too many of us slip back into the complacent role of the onlooker.

There are many Americans who regard citizenship as a sinecure, reluctantly paying taxes but making no attempt to influence what is happening in the government and the community. Others are too fastidious or too phlegmatic to espouse a cause and work for it. Still others fear involvement and prefer to stay on the surface of things, shunning commitment but reserving the right to criticize. They are living phantom lives, wasting both the unique opportunities for action afforded by our democracy and their own potentialities as human beings.

They willingly pay lip service to the two principles of conduct that motivated our founding fathers — *do your part* and *do your best*—forgetting that the operative word in each case is *do*. Intention, resolution, decision, determination—these are not enough. No one will take the thought for the deed. There is no credit — and very little satisfaction — in standing on the sidelines. Participation is what counts — participation in the service of whatever cause is closest to your heart, whatever purpose appeals most strongly to your intelligence.

Work to improve your local school or library or hospital. Collect to help conquer the diseases that now conquer men. Teach English to newcomers, read to the blind, join a church project. Run for public office — or work for someone else who is running. Further a cause you believe in by organizing a group to support it — or at least by taking pen in hand. As Ecclesiastes put it: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

We citizens of this democracy cannot allow ourselves simply to stand by in a world where no Communist has the right to be a mere onlooker. We must bestir ourselves, accept both the responsibility and the opportunity for service to community and country, find our respective causes and serve them with a will.

As Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., said back in 1884:

> *As life is action and passion, it is required of a man that he should share the passion and action of his time, at the peril of being judged not to have lived.*

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I'd be on his right side, because the hearing in his left ear was almost gone. It happened, he said, after the plane crash in Africa, where the doctor had poured gin into the wound and told him: "Gin is good for you inside and out."

He rejected my suggestion that we call on Alice B. Toklas at the apartment she had shared with Gertrude Stein on the Rue Christine. "I don't want to see her," he said "because she was so cruel to Gertrude, at the end."

I mentioned this incident to Thornton Wilder, who said that Hemingway hadn't quite understood Miss Toklas: "Alice was the Dragon guarding the Buddha."

Once, before the war, he confided that he had a troublesome problem—his sleepwalking. It didn't matter at his Key West or Havana homes, where his bedrooms were on the ground floor. But at the Hotel Barclay in New York, where he had a ninth-floor room, he warned the staff to wake him immediately if they found him walking in his sleep: "It's quite simple. Just stop me and say 'Dr. Hemingstone, I believe.' That always wakes me up."

When he returned from the war we had supper at Toots Shor's, where he said: "If I die, I'd like to die quickly and be a beautiful corpse. But now it's too late, I guess."

HE REFERRED TO Miss Mary, his blonde, blue-eyed bride, as "my pocket Rubens." He said of Marlene Dietrich: "She is one of the few people who deserve what we usually give to those who don't deserve it." I once heard

someone ask if he always wrote about himself, and he said: "Does a writer know anyone better?"

When the critics reviewed "Across the River and Into the Trees" unfavorably, he wrote me: "They write this nonsense about champions, saying you never won a round. They should have been around a little and know you have to knock a champion out to beat him; that is if he really is one. And that it is one thing to be on the ropes and another to be on the skids."

I ONCE ARRANGED for Rocky Marciano to visit Hemingway's home in Cuba. Marciano arrived early, and was greeted by Hemingway, bare-chested and in swim trunks. Marciano said: "You're in great shape." Hemingway replied: "I wasn't showing off. If I'd expected you this early, I'd have worn a shirt, tie, and jacket."

He wrote in longhand, or at a typewriter placed on a shelf chest-high. He wrote standing up, and did his rewriting and editing while seated at a desk. "Dictating is not for me," he said. "I could dictate a novel a month if I had to, but it wouldn't be good enough."

HEMINGWAY INSISTED that he never really took notes: "If it's good, it's engraved on my mind; if it's not good, it erases itself."

Of a best-selling novelist for whom he had little regard, he said: "He takes the dough and we will take the all-time prize, the only one left, and the only one I give a damn about—which is honorable death with your friends speaking well of you."

"Unfortunately," he added, speaking of the premature obits he'd read about himself after the plane crash in Africa, "I had this small prize too, so maybe we can get a new one to hold my unflagging interest." He did get the new one—the Nobel Prize.

When the news of his plane crash in Africa broke, I wrote a column about him. He read this "obit" and wrote me from Nairobi: "Thanks very much for the piece. I did not deserve it and will try not to make it necessary for you to repeat it." —Leonard Lyons.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1426)

FRANK DEBENHAM:
ANTARCTICA

During the rare calm, the silence of the Antarctic is most startling, because it is so utter, so complete, that one can hear a man talking half a mile away; one can hear the tiny crackle of one's breath freezing, or the high piping of a seal miles out on the ice.

Chess Corner No. 58

WILY Sam Loyd, that kingpin of problemists, confounded the addicts many a time. Out of his rambunctious repertoire comes one quaint item in which White and Black cooperate from the initial position of the game to reach a stalemate in ten moves! With malice aforethought, and with typical Loydian legerdemain, he gives the solution as though annotating an actual game between Patzer and Duffer. For those who readily admit that this task is beyond their ken, here it is: 1 P-K3, P-QR4 2 Q-R5, R-R3 3 QxQRP, P-R4 4 QxBP, QR-R3 5 P-KR4, P-B3 6 QxPch, K-B2 7 QxNP, Q-Q6 8 QxN, Q-R2 9 QxB, K-N3 10 Q-K6 stalemate!

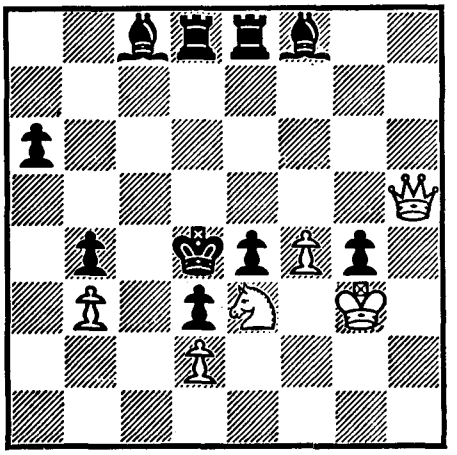
And, as if this were hardly enough, he adds a fresh twist. On the tenth move, Duffer is stalemated. The fact hasn't registered with him, however. Intently, he seeks a move, and as he does so his time runs out. The flag on his clock falls.

Question: Is Duffer forfeited?

In a more serious vein, Loyd had few peers in his renditions of artistic conceptions. Below is a simple mate in two, affectionately called the Organ Pipe theme, which is a variation of what is technically termed the Grimshaw.

In this type of problem, there is mutual interference between Rook and Bishop on the same square. Here there is a multiple effect in that each Bishop interferes with both Rooks and each Rook interferes with both Bishops.

Sam Loyd



WHITE TO PLAY AND MATE IN 2 MOVES

Solution: 1 Q-R5 and White mates by 2 QxNP or 2 Q-Q5 or 2 Q-K5 or 2 N-B5, in accordance with Black's move.

—Al Horowitz.

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CHOOSE EITHER *MACBETH* or *THE TAMING OF THE SHREW*

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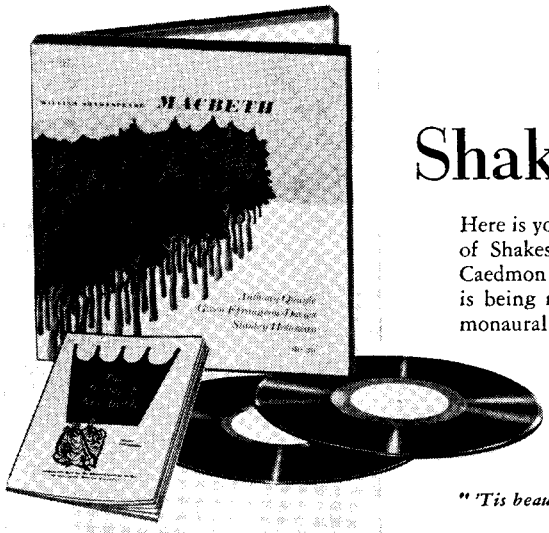

"A moving and brilliant Macbeth."
TIME MAGAZINE

"The Taming of the Shrew *is as light as a charlotte russe and it is played that way . . . Trevor Howard as the swaggering husband. Margaret Leighton as the lady who learns her manners and Robert Stephens as the servant turned master, propel the farce along."*
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"'Tis beauty truly blent"
Twelfth Night, ACT I, SCENE 5

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"The gift doth stretch itself . . ."
All's Well that Ends Well, ACT II, SCENE 1

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"Thrift, thrift, Horatio!"
Hamlet, ACT I, SCENE 2

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"The affair cries haste . . ."
Othello, ACT I, SCENE 3

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☐ *Measure for Measure,* with Sir John Gielgud, Margaret Leighton and Sir Ralph Richardson. (Three-record album, $12.90)

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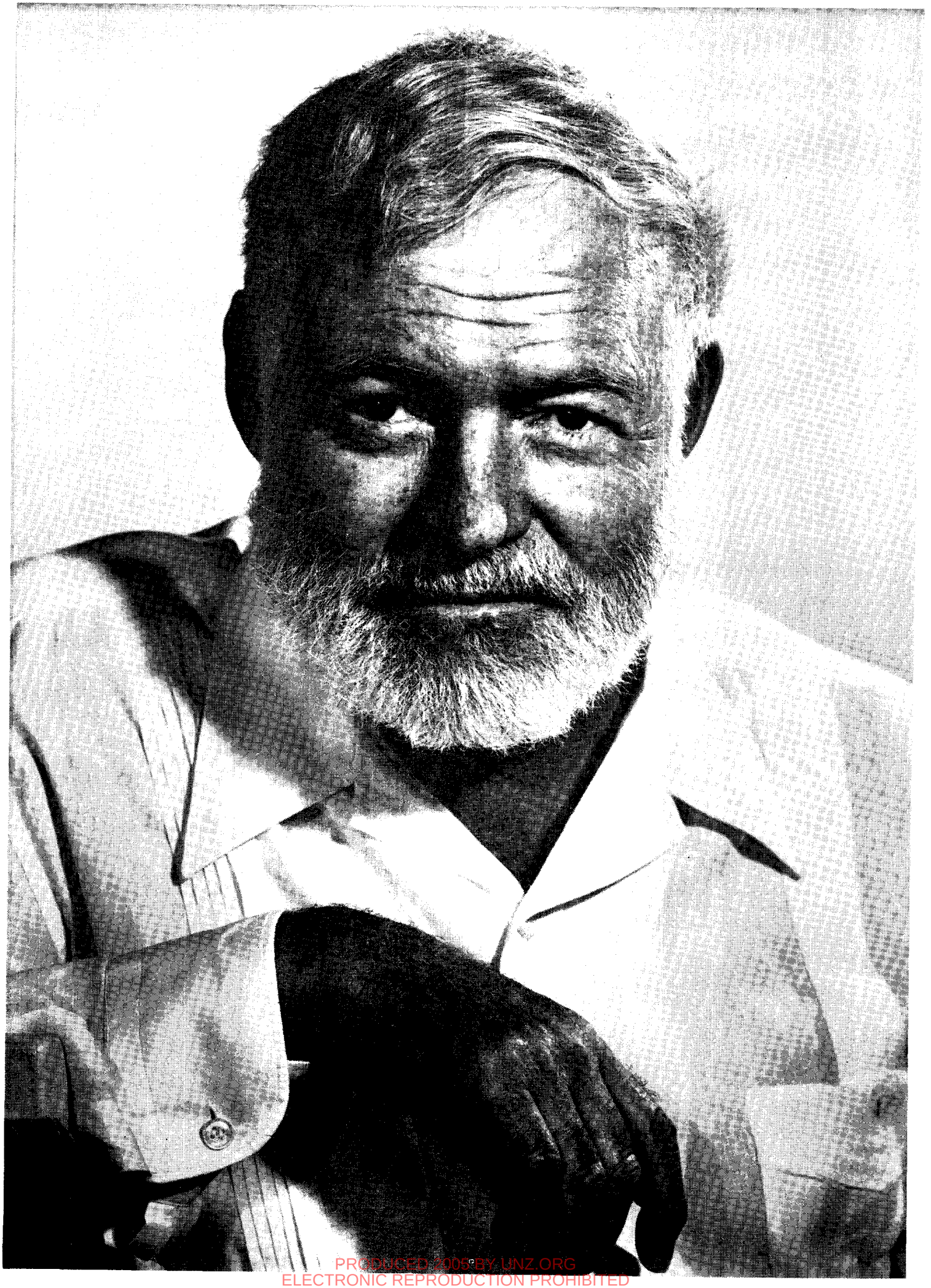

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Saturday Review

JULY 29, 1961

HEMINGWAY

By CARLOS BAKER, *author of "Hemingway: The Writer as Artist."*

LIKE the sound of the embattled farmers' muskets at Lexington long ago, the report of the shotgun in the morning quiet of the house in Idaho went echoing across the airways to every corner of the world. Once more, as had happened after the airplane crashes seven years ago in Africa, obituary notices darkly spelled it out on all the front pages in all the languages around the globe. He had read the first ones, in those days, with ironic amusement. These he could not see. In a hundred shapes and sizes, fortune had tried him before. Always before he had managed to survive. Now, unbelievably, the embattled old lion was dead.

Many of the living thousands who had known him began at once to speak their pieces. Variegated remnants of gossip were gathered up and sewn hastily together in patchwork recollections. London, not atypically, telephoned to learn if he had died rich or poor. Paris, typically, cabled the Associated Press for an authoritative history of his marriages. A Spanish torero audibly wept in speaking the words that signified his sorrow. Old fishing and hunting companions, retired generals and plain GIs, sports and gossip columnists, headwaiters and bartenders, writers and actors, rendered up their accounts of the good, gay comrade they had known. There, for the time being, in thousands of individual memories, would lie his immortality as a man.

Behind his public history now looms, larger than ever, the immortality his work has long since conferred upon him. Considering that his writing span covered forty years, his productivity, though certainly substantial, could not be called large: six novels, upwards of fifty short stories, and the tiny travesty of Sherwood Anderson's narrative style and manner; in nonfiction, the bible of bullfighting, the long and engaging account of hunting in Tanganyika, a single play, and a handful of poems. Some fourteen titles all told, not counting the two small volumes issued before 1925 in Paris and Dijon, from a writer who often reiterated his preference for quality over quantity, and stuck to his stand to the end with an unremitting respect for the artist's craft.

AS for works which must now appear posthumously if they appear at all, one is "The Dangerous Summer," a first-person, nonfiction, book-length account of Hemingway's *vie sportive* in and out of Spanish bullrings during the fighting season of 1959. Less than a year ago *Life* magazine published three excerpts from this typescript, somewhat to the dismay of those who had expected a more disciplined performance from the author of "Death in the Afternoon." Judging by the printed portions, "The Dangerous Summer" was conceived and developed in the jocular, chatty, and sometimes bellicose journalistic manner which Hemingway cultivated in the 1930s for a whole series of still uncollected contributions to *Esquire* magazine. Yet there are some grounds for hope that the entire volume may look better than the published excerpts would prophesy. In "Green Hills of Africa," to take one example, Hemingway managed to assert form upon similarly recalcitrant materials, rising to the memorable climax of the kudu-hunt after the dusty disappointments and frustrations involved in the pursuit of other and fiercer game on the Serengetti Plains.

A second and evidently far superior *opus posthumus* is the book of reminiscences of Paris in the 1920s. The few who have seen it agree that these sketches of his fellow-expatriates are of a very high order—so high, indeed, that they are likely to overshadow the innumerable literary autobiographies which have already appeared, and in which Hemingway himself was not infrequently an important character. Although a completed typescript is already in the hands of his publishers, Hemingway characteristically refused to think of it as the final version until he had worked it through line by line and often word by word. There is some indication that he found time for at least sporadic tinkering during his two long therapeutic sessions at St. Mary's Hospital in Rochester, Minnesota. Hemingway's final communication to me was a telegram from Ketchum, Idaho, in which he asked me to delete

—Photo by Karsh, Ottawa.

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an anecdote about Ezra Pound and the Russian novelists from a piece I was writing on the grounds that it would shortly appear in his own book on Left Bank Paris. Depending, of course, upon a decision by his widow, this volume may well be scheduled for publication before 1962.

SOME degree of mystery continues to surround the third volume (or volumes) which Hemingway left behind him. Ten years ago this spring he told the present writer about a long novel whose triple subject was "The Land, the Sea, and the Air." He made at that time a half-humorous, half-rueful apology for his temerity in having undertaken so ambitious a project, and went on to say that he had been trying out sections of it on his wife Mary. If she responded to any given passage with goose-flesh, he knew that he had succeeded. Although he seems to have had an almost pathological love of secrecy, particularly about the stories on which he was currently engaged, he was careful to give the impression that the book had already reached at least a penultimate form, that the work of cutting and polishing was then mostly behind him, and that the typescript had been deposited for safekeeping in the vaults of the National Bank of Havana. A short novel called "The Old Man and the Sea" was to be lifted, he said, from the maritime section of another book, for which his working title in those days was "The Sea in Being." Two years later, however, the enigma deepened. In talking with reporters who had come to interview him about the imminent award of the Nobel Prize for Literature, he mentioned the long novel once more. This time, however, he implied that it should be regarded as not one but three separate books. Whatever the facts of the matter, none of this material except the story of Santiago has yet been shown to his publishers. We are accordingly left with the welcome possibility that some of the best prose of the twentieth century awaits release from the interior of a bank vault in Castro's Cuba.

So much for what may be anticipated in the next few years. The sudden end to so distinguished a career invites also, and inevitably, a re-assessment of what is already in our hands.

DESPITE certain shortcomings to which we shall shortly come, the literary historians are perfectly correct in their view that Hemingway's arrival in the middle Twenties began a new epoch in American fiction. That lucid prose which struck us so squarely a full generation ago, the famous style with its special quality of seething emotional force held in check by an iron will, that aura of romantic glamour with which the young author managed to invest the lives, loves, and locales of his earlier protagonists—these have retained their power to hold and move us as they did in that far-off world between the wars when Hemingway rose with such rapidity from apprenticeship to mastery. Nor is the secret of his continuing success difficult to explain. He kept his eyes open, all his other senses alert, his subjects limited but whole, his objects in sharp focus, and his themes as universal as courage, love, honor, endurance, suffering, death and their antonymous equivalents. Other masters, other modes—and the more the merrier. But for any who seek counsel as to how a writer can guarantee the survival of what he has written, Hemingway's esthetic prescription is unassailable.

Around the hard core of his central achievement, certain marginal limitations were early apparent. His native medium was prose fiction, and on those occasions when he stepped gingerly and experimentally into other genres, the results were seldom happy. A pirated edition of his early poems has lately enjoyed a clandestine circulation at piratical prices. The contents prove that in the early 1920s, at any rate, Hemingway was neither a Yeats nor an Eliot. His prose of the same period, however, amply exemplifies Coleridge's definition of poetry ("The best words in the best order"), as any reader of "Big Two-Hearted River" can prove to himself.

Nor was he a dramatist. However deeply one sympathized in 1939 with the cause of the defeated Spanish Loyalists, "The Fifth Column" did not then play—nor does it now read—like the work of an experienced playwright. For Hemingway's was not, in any sense that matters, a theatrical mind. What Yeats scornfully called "theatre business, management of men" in no way moved or attracted him. Except for the film version of "For Whom the Bell Tolls," ably acted by his good friends Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman, and his friend Spencer Tracy's creation of the role of Santiago in "The Old Man and the Sea," Hemingway could never endure to sit through the cinematic or the televised versions of any of his works. Like his own personal arrivals and departures, the stories made "good copy." But their true inward significance, that subtle quality which was Hemingway's genuine, personalized imprimatur, never quite survived translation, unl momentarily, from printed to dramatized versions. This is not unusual. Literary classics as various as "The Scarlet Letter," "Great Expectations," "War and Peace," and "Moby-Dick" have suffered similar diminutions. That unique and always delicate rapport which occurs between a great fiction writer in his privacy and the absorbed reader in his own must be distorted and is frequently destroyed

SR's Hemingway Issue

EDITOR'S NOTE: Except for the Recordings Supplement, this entire issue of Saturday Review is devoted to Ernest Hemingway and his work. Born on July 21, 1898, Hemingway achieved in his mid-twenties a dazzling reputation which endured undiminished till his death on July 2, 1961. No American writer of the twentieth century has exercised a stronger hold on peoples outside his own country. No American writer has so stirred the literary imagination of writers in other languages. This fact —Hemingway's world stature—seems to SR editors to represent what is perhaps most significant historically about Hemingway, and serves as the basis for most of the articles in this issue.

Not all nations are represented; such an enterprise would have required a substantial catalogue. But enough points on the compass have been included to indicate the world response to his work, his life, and his death.

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by the intrusion of theatrical "values."

In his other experiments with nonfiction Hemingway sometimes alienated those who did not share his overevident passions for hunting and bullfighting. Edmund Wilson, for example, was put off by the master's ruthless self-portrait in "Green Hills of Africa," and even professedly bored by the teeming wildlife of Tanganyika. Though "The Sun Also Rises" long ago converted a considerable segment of the American college population to the febrile joys of the annual *corridas* at Pamplona, many readers remain cool to the charms of tauromaquia as well as to the pontifical tone that booms through the instructional pages of "Death in the Afternoon." For any to whom the central subject of that book is of little moment, there are always the incidental rewards to be gained from the sidelong insights that the book provides into Hemingway's most characteristic ideas, attitudes, and critical opinions.

One hitherto unpublished anecdote relating to the bullfight book illustrates the difference between Hemingway's public and private views of death in the early 1930s. The linotyper who set up the proof sheets for "Death in the Afternoon" slugged in a running-head at the top of every galley. "Hemingway's Death," it said in boldface, over and over, "Hemingway's Death." When the proof sheets reached him, Hemingway's wrath was instantaneous, pyrotechnical, and profane. He demanded the linotyper's immediate dismissal and was only gradually mollified by Maxwell Perkins's patient insistence that no ulterior motives were involved.

WE come finally to the fiction, both short and long, by which Hemingway's posthumous reputation must stand firm or, as is unlikely, gradually disintegrate. There is already wide agreement that his weakest work may be found in "To Have and Have Not" and "Across the River and Into the Trees." Yet it is essential that these books should be seen against the full panorama of his other works, and that their respective virtues should not be allowed to dissolve in a generalized cloud of contumely. In the first book the three good tough monolithic stories about Harry Morgan, the desperate and laconic privateer, would have made an excellent three-part short story if Hemingway had been content to confine himself to Morgan instead of trying to unify the shorter pieces through the agency of the contrasting and much inferior story of Richard Gordon, the sold-out writer. With "Across the River" the problems were different. He had been more profoundly disturbed by the horrors of the Second World War than he publicly admitted. Death by infection had recently stared him in the face. Another marriage had gone by the board, and at fifty he could show only three major novels and the collected short stories for a quarter-century of labor. His attempt to fashion a winter's lyric of love and death in Venice did not wholly succeed. Once again he should have been willing to settle for a shorter book than he finally produced. But "Across the River" is much better,

—*Luis Quintanilla*

for all its shortcomings, than is now generally conceded. Time will indemnify its virtues. Let any who doubt this try rereading it now that the author is dead.

Two years after "Across the River" came "The Old Man and the Sea" to reveal once again the awesome lyrical power that Hemingway could still command so long as he remained content with a limited action and a shorter form. Those who looked back over his career from the vantage point of 1952 were struck by the fact that he had produced no full-length fiction since "For Whom the Bell Tolls" in 1940. Even when we remember that a long and exhausting war had intervened, in which Hemingway was a full participant, it was beginning to be clear as early as nine years before that the master was starting to slow down. Subsequent bad luck did not help. The severe injuries he sustained in the African plane crashes and the ill health of several subsequent years explain why—with the exceptions above noted—his reputation as a writer must now rest on five volumes: the superb short stories, "The Old Man and the Sea," and that trio of indubitable masterpieces, "The Sun Also Rises," "A Farewell to Arms," and "For Whom the Bell Tolls." If we pause to reflect that all of these but the Santiago story were done before 1941, there are grounds for sadness, surely, though the fact is not necessarily more tragic than the ordinary course of life itself. One is grateful for such high quality wherever and whenever it appears. If we are lucky enough to have more in this posthumous period, let it come. If not, let it go. Hemingway's best was very good indeed.

ALSO good, in the sense that he seems to have enjoyed them, were the first five months of the fiscal year that ended with the death of the ill and aging lion. Leaving his Cuban estate for the last time, as it turned out, he spent the late summer and early autumn in Spain, following once more the professional engagements of the great young matador Ordóñez through another dangerous season. Returning to the United States, he went immediately with his wife to the remote, two-story chalet in Ketchum, Idaho, which had become perforce his final home after the sharp deterioration in Cuban-American relations. But the last seven months of the year saw another and far more serious deterioration. For years, he had been plagued by hypertension, and on the last day of November he entered the Mayo Clinic for a fifty-three-day period of treatment and rest. February, March, and much of April found him at home in Idaho. But his afflictions, which included incipient diabetes and a stubborn case of infectious hepatitis, drove him back to Minnesota and two months more of hospitalization. On Monday, June 26th, the Hemingways left Rochester by car for Idaho, arriving home two days later after a leisurely trip. The fiscal year had just ended when the patient lay dead beside the rack of his beloved guns.

It would be presumptuous for any outsider to attempt to reconstruct what went on behind the brow of the lion during the last dangerous summer as he approached the sixty-second birthday he would never celebrate. Though undoubtedly and quite rightly troubled about the parlous state of his health, the cruel loss of close friends, and the inaccessibility of his well-loved *finca* outside Havana, he managed for the most part to maintain the outward demeanor with which he had always confronted the slings and arrows of earthly fortune. Except for those he had set forth in forty years of writing—and these were many—he carried the rest of his secrets deep and away inside. Later on, it may be, more of them will come to light. For now the only word for *leo maximus* is a *requiescat* and a *te salutamus*.

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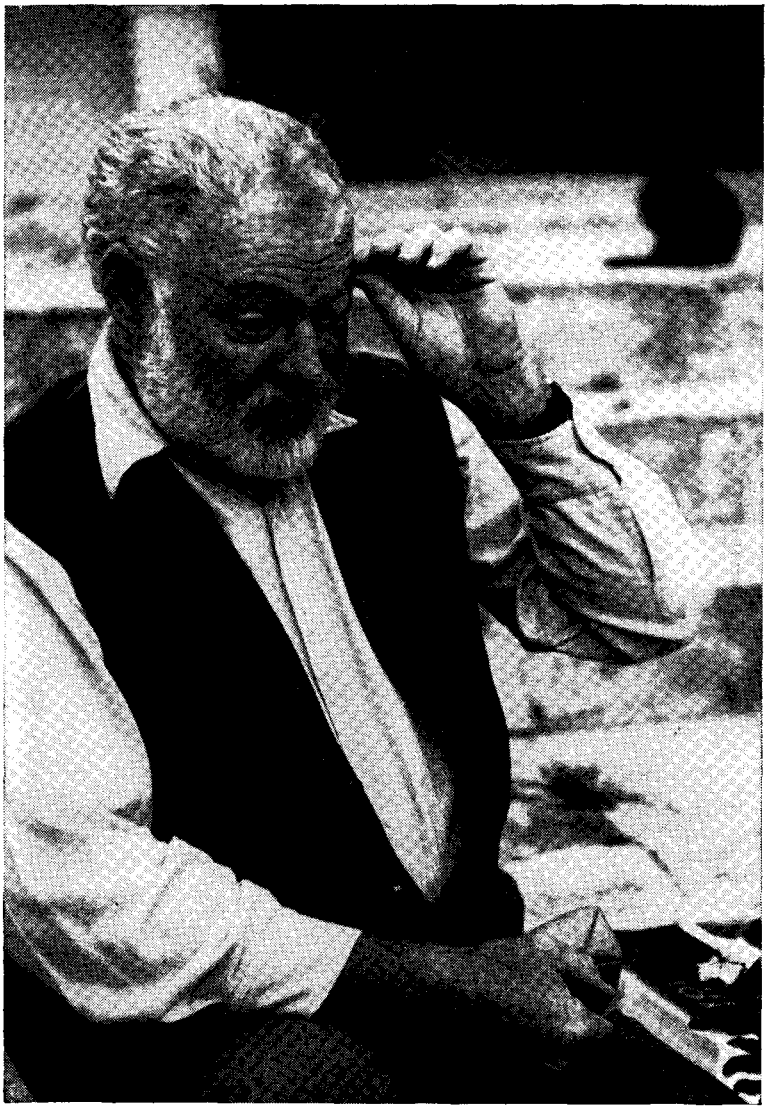
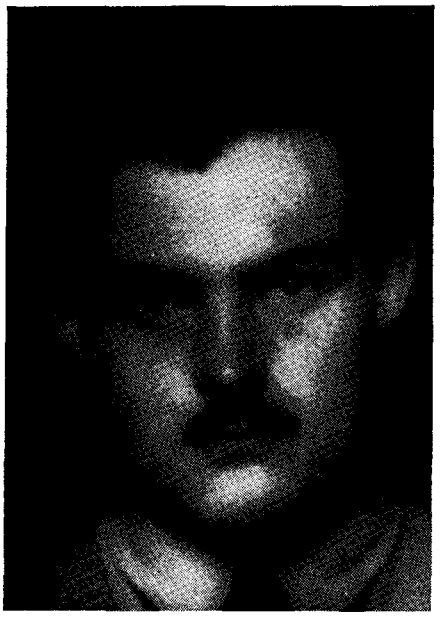


—*Tore Johnson (Pix)*

A recent informal photograph of Hemingway at his home in Cuba

A MAN, A WRITER, A LEGEND

FEW writers have more completely captured the public imagination than Ernest Hemingway. Through an astonishing combination of personal adventurousness and towering literary skill, he built a reputation even among those whose interests are ordinarily far from the world of literature, and he had become a world-wide legend long before his death earlier this month. On this and the following pages, Hemingway's life and career, from fledgling writer to Nobel Prize-winner, are traced in photographs.



—*Helene Breaker*

—*Wide World*

Photo at left shows Hemingway in 1924, before he had gained fame as a writer; other photos show him in later years.

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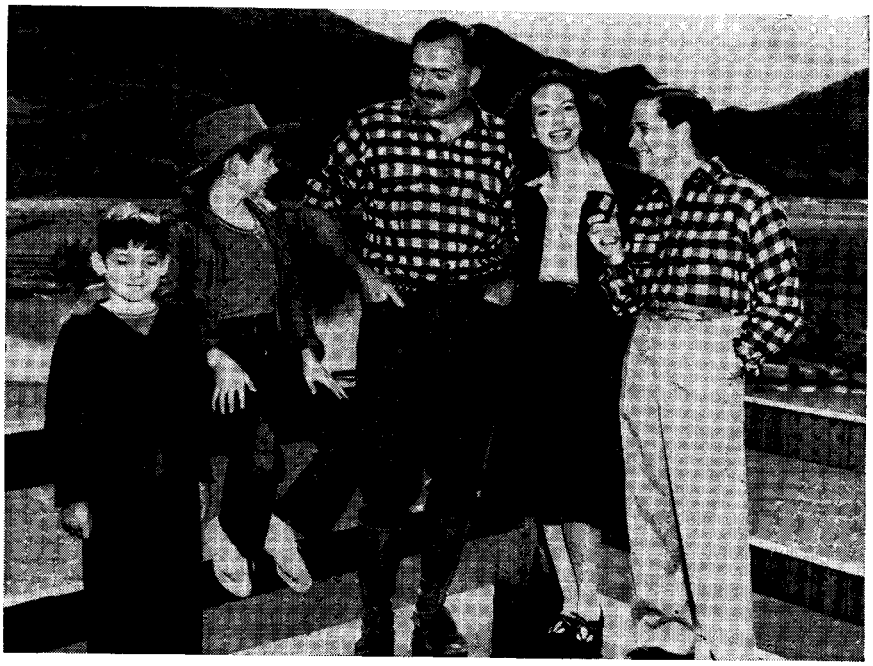
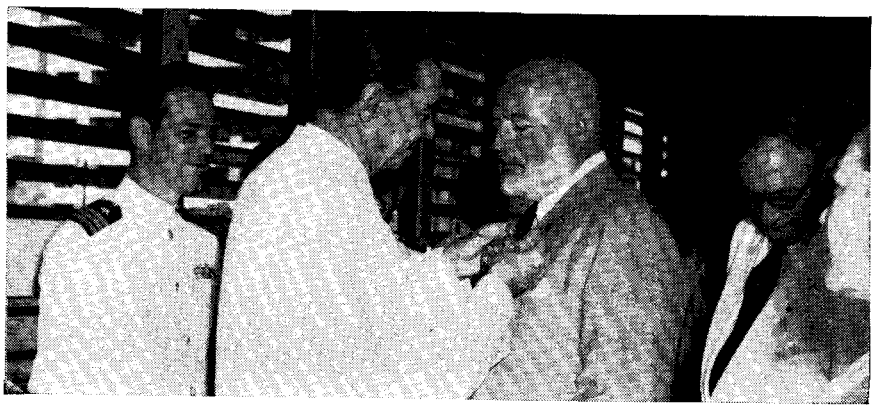
—*International News*

Hemingway and his second wife, Pauline Pfeiffer (1926).



—*Wide World*

Hemingway with his sons Gregory and Patrick (left) and friends at Sun Valley (1940).



—*Wide World*

The author receives the highest citation Cuba can bestow on a foreigner (1954).

—*Wide World*

Hemingway and his third wife, Martha Gellhorn (1940).

—*Penny Converse (Pix)*

Hemingway and his fourth wife, Mary Welsh.

—*Penny Converse.*

At Sun Valley, Idaho, Hemingway removes a speck from his wife's eye.

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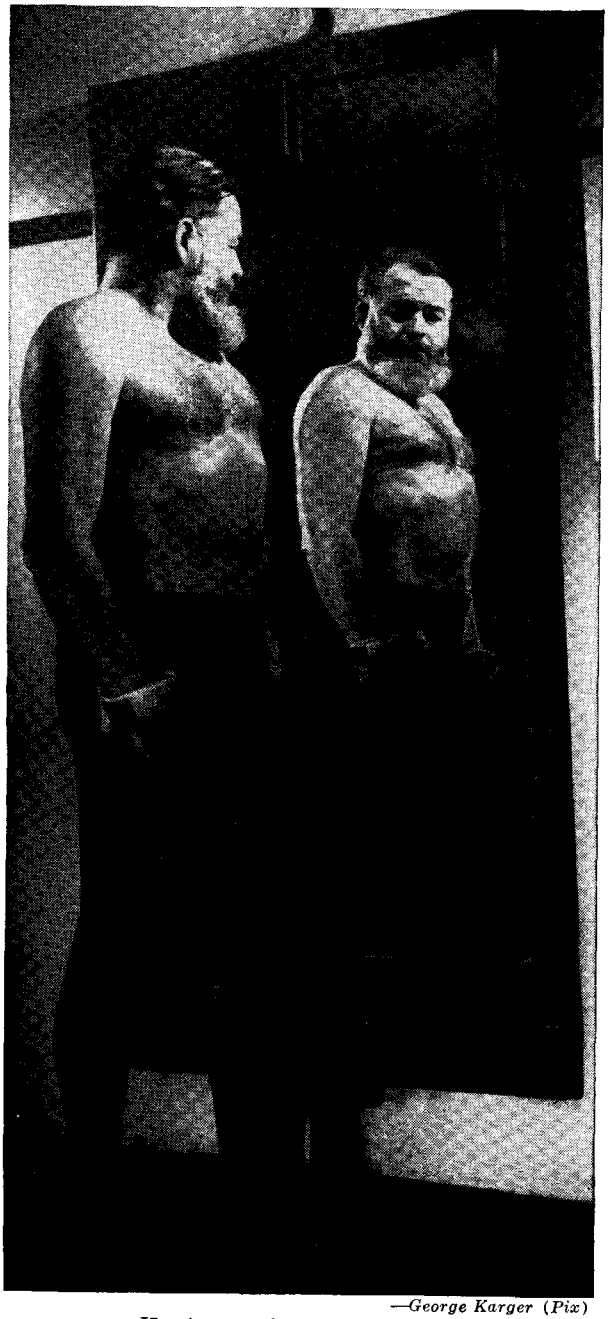
—*Wide World*

Hemingway with Taylor Williams, near whom he is buried.

—*Wide World*

War correspondent Hemingway prepares for a flight over France (1944).



—*George Karger (Pix)*

Hemingway the amateur boxer.

—*UPI*

Hemingway chats with GIs before hitting Normandy beach (1944).

—*Agence Dalmas (Pix)*

Hemingway congratulates triumphant bullfighter Antonio Ordonez.

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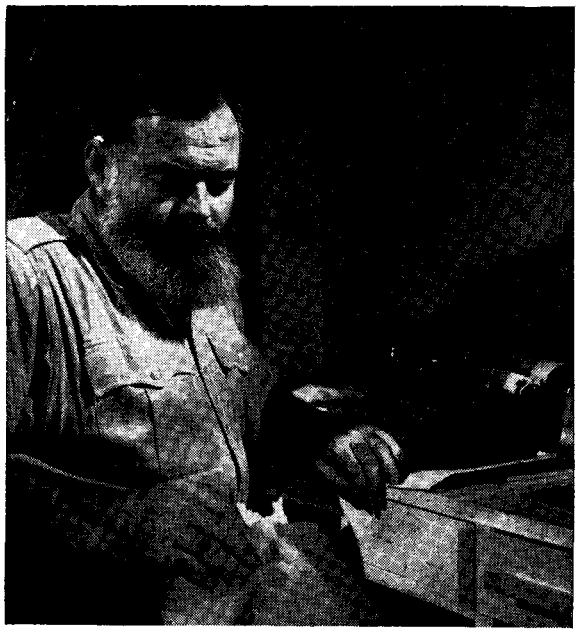

—George Karger (Pix)

The writer at work

—Ilse Schoenthal (Pix)

Mr. and Mrs. Hemingway in Havana.

—Tore Johnson (Pix)

In a reflective mood, Hemingway is shown at his home in Cuba with Chianti and a cat.

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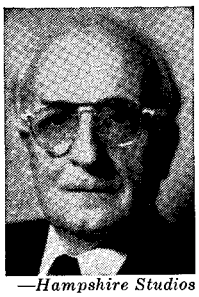
THE WORLD WEIGHS A WRITER'S INFLUENCE

Ernest Hemingway's impact was felt not only in his own land but wherever there were literate people. On this and the following pages, his importance is assessed in articles from a number of countries.

Spain

By SALVADOR de MADARIAGA, *exiled political philosopher.*

OXFORD, ENG. *By cable.*



—*Hampshire Studios*
de Madariaga

BEFORE he came, Spain's image of the American was in the main, and save for a small élite, shaped and conditioned by the memories of the Spanish-American War, the last wrench at the Spanish empire from the growing talons of the New World eagle. "What are they but meat packers without history?" That is what the average Spaniard would say about Americans (Yankees he would call them) throughout pre-Hemingway twentieth century. What was the average Spaniard's experience of Americans? A scattering of naïve tourists; a few businessmen with their eye on extracting profit out of local wealth and cheap labor; a few Bible peddlers anxious to emulate the glories of the English philologist George Borrow; distant, supercilious people knowing no Spanish and evincing no interest in the land. Washington Irving was a distant glory known to but a very few; and in recent years the highest level of North American visitor was perhaps that at which the curio and rare-manuscript hunter moved discreetly about.

Then this debonair giant turned up. He brought with him a combination of geniality, virility, and esthetic sensibility which for most Spaniards was a revelation. He was no longer the gaping tourist, the go-getter businessman, the Protestant ever ready to frown at Catholic superstition, the progressive commiserating on backward Spain. He was that rare thing, a human being; open-eyed, open-handed, open-hearted, open-minded, a man ready to learn, to understand, to appreciate, to see beneath the surface.

He was in Spain, inside Spain, living her life. And his two great works, "For Whom the Bell Tolls" and "The Sun Also Rises," blossomed out of this implantation of the roots of that powerful American tree into Iberian soil.

Hemingway's understanding of bullfighting must have been an essential factor in this respect. The Anglo-Saxons come to the subject loaded with a number of prejudices born of sport, fair play, love of animals, and so forth. Few among them realize that bullfighting (the very phrase is a misnomer; we call it bull running) is not a sport but a spectacle, something uniting many arts: painting, sculpture, ballet, and tragedy. Hemingway realized it from the outset and may well have been the non-Spaniard who of all time has come closest to the core of this strange form of Spanish life.

Without his meaning it, Hemingway thus revealed to his country and to the world many Iberian aspects until then badly misunderstood, which he was able to do possibly because of his familiarity and almost obsession with those essentials of the Spanish ethos: love, death, and eternity; and in so doing he revealed to the Iberians that lesser-known aspect of American life: a capacity for direct approach to the life of others without distance, prejudice, or reprobation, which may well turn out to be the chief asset of the United States in this period of inevitable American leadership. Hemingway conquered Spain for the United States, and all that has happened since in the political sphere to destroy his work and alienate Spain from the United States (for backing the dictator, the bases, and all that) has not, I do believe, succeeded in altogether undoing his magnificent achievement. Nor is his work to be confined to the relations between the two countries; for Hemingway's manner of writing, his direct, simple, yet forceful prose, his straightforward approach to life even at its most awkward, his boldness in tackling even the unpleasant, though by no means seeking it out, have exerted an undoubted influence on the new generation of Spanish novelists. Spain no longer looks down on powerful America as a nation of meat packers without history. She has learned to respect and admire the nation that gave Ernest Hemingway to the world.

India

By FRANK MORAES, *editor of the newspaper "Indian Express."*

BOMBAY *By cable.*

—*P. N. Sharma*
Moraes

HEMINGWAY'S death was front-page news in leading English dailies but there was little editorial comment on him and his works. Indian-language papers carried brief notices but with even sparser comment. One reason for this is that Hemingway's works, while familiar to the older generation of Indians, particularly those educated abroad, are comparatively unknown to Indians in their twenties or even to those on the fringe of thirty, who know him mainly through movies based on his books. While enjoying the color, drama, toughness, and passion of his stories on the screen, the younger generation has read little or nothing of his taut, terse writings.

The standard of English in India has noticeably declined since national independence, and with the wider currency of Hindi and regional languages is slumping sharply. A contributory factor was Hemingway's own intermittent output.

In the eight years that have intervened since "The Old Man and the "Sea" was released, he has published nothing of consequence, his previous notable work, "For Whom the Bell Tolls," having been published as far back as 1940. In between came "Across the River and Into the Trees," a novel which excited little notice in this country.

Apart from the diminishing interest in English literature, most students today can only afford to buy textbooks, supplementing these with reading in public or college libraries. India's foreign-exchange shortage also limits the import of nonscientific and nontechnical books. These are matters in which those interested in the promotion among the Asian peoples of the English lan-

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guage and literature might usefully concern themselves.

Of leading English dailies the only two to offer editorial comment were the *Indian Express* and the *Times of India*, both based in Bombay. Wrote the *Indian Express*: "Ernest Hemingway died as he lived, violently. Much of his writing was concerned with death and cruelty, with war and passion, and much also of what he wrote he experienced, as a guerrilla fighter, big-game hunter, and hairy-chested he-man. He wrote with the same gusto with which he lived."

The *Times of India* observed that the manner of his death had a touch of irony: "Psychoanalysts will see more in this act, however, than a mere accident. They know that the lust for life in his work was often a cover for the death-wish, which in the last years of his life came to the surface. Perhaps he felt he had come to the end of his tether." The newspaper describes Hemingway as "A spokesman in his own half-articulate manner of the Lost Generation, young men and women who had been through the First World War while yet in their late teens or early twenties and suffered the loss of their very capacity to hope or work up enthusiasm for any cause. Many of them sought refuge, like heroes of his own stories and novels, in drink and sex and adventure. But in their case, as in his own, it made the sense of loneliness all the more unbearable."

Inasmuch as the Indian social climate today is officially stoic and ascetic, frowning on sex, drink, and violence, this assessment of Hemingway and his works is probably representative of the growing puritanical school of thought, which labels as negative and antisocial anything of which it disapproves.

The *Times of India* concludes somewhat pontifically: "Whether in a mood of hope or of utter despair, Hemingway could never resolve the dilemma in his own mind of the man who feels the need of believing in something and cannot bring himself to believe in anything. This is what explains the tension in his work."

The only Indian-language newspaper to comment editorially on Hemingway is *Janmabhoomi*, a Gujarati daily also based in Bombay. The paper refers to him in laudatory terms: "Many people felt that his own life was reflected in the characters drawn by him. His death extinguishes one of the brightest stars in the firmament of modern English literature."

It is expected that English-language monthly and weekly reviews, particularly those of cultural interest, will feature more extensive assessments and reviews of Hemingway and his works.

Italy

By CARLO LEVI, *author of "Christ Stopped at Eboli," "Words Are Stones," and other books.*

Levi

ROME. *By cable*

ON THE second of July, as I was hurrying out of the house to keep an appointment, I was called back by the telephone. It was the ANSA Agency, who told me of the death of Hemingway, and asked me to comment on him. I had not known Hemingway personally, but the news was painful to me nonetheless, as it always is when the world loses something unique, living and bound up with our own life. Speaking extemporaneously, I said briefly that Hemingway was a great writer, that his art had had a fundamental influence in determining the character and mode of thought of our time.

Ernest Hemingway's vitality, his will to live and not just to express the experience of pure energy, his wish to identify himself with the concrete and with death were rarely estheticized. But, concerned as he was with man and the irrational rather than with causes and specific ideals, he nevertheless always chose in favor of the good, the positive, the vital.

Were we to select a name as a symbol or point of reference, that of Stendhal appears to me the most valid, apart from certain obvious contemporaries such as Picasso. It was Pavese, the Italian novelist who killed himself in 1950, who wrote in March 1947: "Hemingway is the Stendhal of our time"; both "have a constant of human tension that resolves itself in situations enveloped in sensory images rendered with absolute immediacy."

How Hemingway was loved in Italy by the generation that matured during the Thirties and Forties – and how he is still loved by the young! In him – whose books were disapproved of or prohibited by the Fascist regime – writers such as Vittorini and Pavese found both themselves and the ideal homeland of man and of liberty. Under the date of 3 October 1948 Pavese wrote in his diary: "To Hemingway. Did you ever see Piedmontese hills? They are brown, yellow, and dusty, sometimes green.... You'd like them. Yours, Cesare Pavese."

When we realize that the Piedmont hills were Pavese himself, it is clear that this note is an affectionate wish for identification. Just recently a critic wrote that Italy counts among her greatest writers two not born in Italy, but Italian through love: Stendhal and Hemingway.

I have said about Stendhal that he understood the poetic value of the casual, the particular, the interrupted and partial and instantaneous in the contemporary totality of an image, and I discern in him, a century in advance, the experience that accompanies us if we immerse ourselves in reality without vanity or deceit or affectation. The parallel with Hemingway is evident.

However, the world of Stendhal had firm roots in the eighteenth century. Its rhythm is that of the revolutionary armies of Napoleon marching on foot to the blare of trumpets. The world of Hemingway is, instead, without historical roots: it is the myth of America, a barbarous paradise to Europe; its search – in prose – is for a fourth and fifth dimension; its rhythm is that of flight, of the automobile, of the fugitive physical and the mechanical. The voluptuousness of Stendhal is supplanted by arid pity–for the world, not for oneself–by a courage, full of tenderness and of an infinitely complex and useless anguish, to be men in a world without values. As Hemingway wrote in "A Farewell to Arms": "Abstract words such as glory, honor, courage, or hallow were obscene beside the concrete names of villages, the numbers of roads, the names of rivers, the numbers of regiments and dates."

THERE is a Hemingway Italy. On the one hand, it is the human and simple Italy he has written about; on the other, it is the literary Italy born from him and of which even those who react against him form a part. The Italians consider among the great works of Hemingway – aside from a few splendid stories and particularly felicitous passages – "Death in the Afternoon," the parent of many failures by minor writers and imitators, who captured only its sing-song, its verbal refrains, its tedium and its emptiness. It is more: an exciting breakthrough into freedom such as Picasso made, and– beyond its structure, its verbal invention and characters–it endures through its inner rhythm and absolute musical value. The other work Italians consider great is "A Farewell to Arms."

"A Farewell to Arms" *is* Italy, a deeply true Italy, full of human tenderness, a physical and poetic sense of the earth and of people, with a tragic and compassionate sense of the dignity of man–a simple, luminous Italian love story.

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USSR

By ILYA EHRENBURG, *Soviet journalist and author.*

—*A. Batanov*
Ehrenburg

Moscow, *By cable*

SOME thirty years ago in Spain Ernst Toller gave me a novel, "The Sun Also Rises," by Ernest Hemingway, a writer then unknown to me. "This may interest you," said Toller. "There seems to be something about Spain in it. . . ." At the same time I also bought a copy of "A Farewell to Arms." Both these books greatly moved me, and Hemingway has been my favorite writer ever since.

As a reader I found Hemingway's novels very human: in them were life, love, death, brief joy, long wars. After James Joyce's "Ulysses" and "The Counterfeiters," by Gide, these novels seemed to rehabilitate life. As a writer I was astonished by Hemingway's skill. I feel content whenever I understand how a book is composed, but I have never understood, to this day, how Hemingway achieved his powerful dialogue. More than once I have had occasion to listen to men's conversation after it was taped: all of us tend to talk at much greater length and in a far more "literary" and pallid way than what Hemingway offered, which was not dialogue overheard, but a concentrate of it, often made up of superficially insignificant elements—mere fragments of everyday phrases, which always managed to convey what was most important. When other writers try to imitate Hemingway's dialogue, the result is a poor parody: his discovery was not a key to a new method, but something deeply individual and inimitable.

It is, perhaps, thanks to his command of dialogue that Hemingway became such a master of the short story. After Chekhov no one else, it seems, has been able to say so much about man in that genre. I recall a conversation I once had with Isaac Babel, the foremost writer of the Soviet short story. Babel was extremely enthusiastic about that story of Hemingway's in which the action takes place at a small Swiss resort. "I read a very stupid article," Babel told me, "where it is argued that Hemingway is very observant and, above all, knows how to listen to people talking. The fool who wrote that fails to understand that one cannot 'overhear' such conversation or, if one can, one can do so only within one's self. . . ." Neither Babel nor I was alone in our enthusiasm for Hemingway.

In the middle 1930s *International Literature*, a monthly journal then published in Moscow, sent out a questionnaire asking Soviet writers to state which contemporary authors in the West they considered to be most significant. In almost all the answers Hemingway came first.

Towards the end of July 1941 we had air alerts in Moscow nearly every night. Boris Lapin, my son-in-law, who was a young writer, had just arrived from the front on his way to the army of the South. He and I decided to spend the night at a vacant *dacha* belonging to some friends, where we hoped to get a good night's rest. But we had just been given the manuscript of a recently completed translation of "For Whom the Bell Tolls." We never got to bed: we read all night, taking our turn over each page. I, too, was due to leave for the front, but wanted to read the novel to the end. When we had both finished, we glanced at each other and smiled. We did not even hear the rumble of the anti-aircraft guns or the explosions of the bombs.

I recall Boris Lapin saying, "Very bitter and very virile. . . ." Two weeks later Lapin was killed in the fighting around Kiev. Hemingway's novel was the last book he read.

Hemingway is loved not only by our writers, but also by our readers. Some five years ago it was announced that a new two-volume edition of his works would be sold by advance subscription. The subscribers had to register personally in a bookshop situated in the apartment house where I was living. It was a cold winter evening. As I drove up to the house, I saw a long queue, the tail of which was made up predominantly of young people. It turned out that they had come there the night before the subscription opened so as not to be outnumbered the next morning and thus miss their chance to subscribe. Not all of our books get sold out; there are books that lie on the shelves of bookshops and in the warehouses, but Hemingway's works are unobtainable unless one makes a strenuous effort.

Hemingway's death has meant the loss not only of a writer whom I love, but also a man of whose friendship I was proud. I first became acquainted with him in Madrid at the home of the Soviet correspondent for *Pravda*, Michael Koltzov. Rarely have I been as excited as I was that evening early in 1937; for at last I met the writer for whom I had a regard like that of an apprentice for his master. I said many flattering things to Hemingway, but he only frowned suspiciously. Then an odd discord developed. Hemingway talked to me in Spanish, and I answered in French. He told me that he had been sent to Spain by an American newspaper agency. I asked him whether his assignment was to cable only feature stories or also news—"*nouvelles*." This last word precipitated a stormy scene: Hemingway misinterpreted "*nouvelles*" to mean "novellas," that is, novels. He shouted, "I spotted at once that you were being sarcastic! . . ." When the misunderstanding was cleared up, he explained with a laugh that his detractors used to reproach him for his "telegraphic style." I answered that the same thing had been written about me. We then became friends.

I remember the artillery-shattered hotel on the Gran Vía where he was staying, the kerosene stove, the coffee, the whiskey, a page of manuscript: he was writing a play at the time. I was with him at the front during the battle of Guadalajara. It was the only Republican victory, and Hemingway had a smile on his face.

I STILL have in my possession a small photograph taken near Ibarra Castle: it shows Hemingway, Joris Ivens, the film man, Gustav Regler, the German writer, and me. I often met Hemingway at the headquarters of the Twelfth International Brigade, which was then commanded by General Lukacz, as the Hungarian writer Mate Zalku was known in Spain. One day Hemingway and Lukacz got to reminiscing about the First World War, when, it seems, they had sat opposite each other in the trenches of two hostile armies. As a writer Hemingway was fascinated by war but, at the same time, he passionately hated it.

In 1946, when I visited the United States, I received a long, friendly letter from him. Hemingway recalled our days in Spain, and invited me to stay with him in Cuba. At the time I was unable to accept, and so I have never seen him with a beard except in his photographs. In my memory he lives on as a tall, sturdy man with a sad expression and a vague smile.

I was asked to say a few words on television about the loss that millions of my countrymen were now suffering. When I arrived at the studio I was surrounded by the technicians, who questioned me about the circumstances under which Ernest Hemingway died. It was his readers who were asking me about him. The loss of this major writer hurts.

It hurts, too, that a man should have died who, through the love felt for him, has brought together people and nations otherwise remote from each other.

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England

By ALAN PRYCE-JONES, *former editor of the Times Literary Supplement in London.*

Pryce-Jones

THE PLAIN truth is that the British have never felt easy in Hemingway's company. Once the happy shock of encounter with "A Farewell to Arms" was past they began to doubt. Wasn't much of Hemingway a popular dilution of Gertrude Stein in style, poured round a basic mixture of Ezra Pound and Sherwood Anderson in feeling, and inferior to Conrad in thought?

Hemingway was at odds with the main course of fiction in Britain all his life long. In the late 1920s, when his star was first ascending, two main roads carried the traffic of that course. There was the road of Wells and Bennett, and the road of Virginia Woolf. Hemingway crossed neither. His range of emotion was utterly alien to what may be called the straightforward path of writing in England. Wells, Bennett, and their followers felt themselves as voices in a British civilization still large enough to keep them busy for a lifetime with local problems. They had no need of Hemingway's flamboyant stoicism. Their lives were passed among social changes of which they were deeply aware. Fundamentally they were late Victorians, striving to keep their feet while the waves of progress attacked their balance. They were pragmatists, with no time for abstract meditations on such themes as personal courage or the disillusionments of living. Virginia Woolf, on the other hand, while contemptuous of what she considered the cockney qualities of Wells and Bennett, perfected an onionskin technique in dealing with her characters which was nearer pure poetry than narrative. She would have had no patience with the Francis Macombers and Harry Morgans of the world; they must have struck her as transparencies behind which their inventor could be seen composing a kind of imaginary autobiography. She would have been wrong most of the time, but she would have justified herself by taking as an accusing text a phrase from "Death in the Afternoon." Hemingway had written, "Prose is architecture, not interior decoration, and the Baroque is over." Prose—I can hear her retort—is neither. It is a means to an end, and only a very limited end can be served by deliberately pruning it back to a bare exposition of root and branch.

I can think of only one important English novelist who has walked, at least outwardly, part of the same path as Hemingway, and then I suspect that he used his own map to reach it. That is Henry Green. It is not that Hemingway's toughness, his assertive virility, offend British standards of fitness; after all, in their own way the John Wains, the Kingsley Amises, the Alan Sillitoes of Britain are every bit as tough-minded as he. But Hemingway has made a god of action. He has built a mystique round the importance of drawing from direct experience, and the British riposte to this has been to regard it as a limitation rather than a discovery.

For the inevitable result has been to create a personal legend which deflects attention from the literature that it has helped to create. Why, ask the British, should a writer attach so much meaning to the surface of life, why must he protest so vigorously and so boyishly, unless it is to conceal some defect in the depths? They suspect that their own overt and conscious neuroses are likely to be more fruitful than a dangerous leavening of self-deception.

It will be a long time before the Hemingway legend is disentangled from reality, but already it is permissible to notice that in the Britain of Hemingway's lifetime it has been the women who have written good novels rather than the men, with such exceptions as Graham Greene and Evelyn Waugh. Even when a writer like Waugh is given the chance to follow a Hemingway design in living—when he has traveled, fought, quarreled, absorbed the good things of life, chosen a Catholic pattern of faith, and mastered a very personal style, as has Waugh—he owes nothing to Hemingway's example. One spends his life defiantly accumulating wounds, the other takes adventure as it comes. Indeed, the typical British writer—and reader—flinches from anything like a Byronic attitude.

Hemingway's preoccupation with technique has left its mark, however. Whether he knew it or not, there is not a living writer in England who has been unaffected by the laconic speed of his dialogue, the subtle revelation of character that lies behind a spoken phrase. Hemingway had a wonderful ear. He listened. And the habit of listening, which has transformed the technique of modern novelists everywhere, may turn out to be his enduring memorial as a writer, whatever his fascination as a man.

Japan

By EDWARD SEIDENSTICKER, *who is a student and translator of Japanese literature.*

TOKYO. *By cable*

HEMINGWAY is not the most widely read American writer in Japan. Margaret Mitchell and Pearl Buck, perennial best-sellers, fight it out with Tolstoy for the honor of being the most popular of all foreign authors. Ellery Queen is in there, too, and Mark Twain is a great favorite with the very young—probably the foreign writer they know best. Except for one period shortly after World War I, when "A Farewell to Arms" made a considerable splash, Hemingway has not been the commercial success these others have been. He has, however, been more responsible than any other writer save possibly Steinbeck for the fact that American literature has been moving up fast these last few years.

American literature has not on the whole enjoyed the prestige of French and Russian literature, which have been among the major forces shaping modern Japanese writing. There have been exceptions to be sure. Franklin and Emerson fell in nicely with the buoyant do-it-yourself mood of the late nineteenth century, and Whitman and Dreiser—the former somewhat misunderstood—did good work for Japanese proletarian writers. Then there is the case of Poe, although it is a rather special one, because what the French have said about him has been more important than anything he himself ever said.

Since the last war matters have changed. New French writing does not excite the imagination as it once did, and particularly with the death of Camus it has slipped badly. As for new Russian writing, there have been ambitious attempts to promote it in Japan, but they have failed. The only recent writer with a considerable following is the last man whom promoters of such schemes would like to have in that position: Pasternak. For the most part, Russian literature stops with Gorky and Chekhov.

Two traditionally revered literatures being thus in a state of arrested development, American literature has stepped forward. Indicative of advance is the position it has come to occupy in cheap paper back libraries that bring literature within the reach of students. It used to be that American titles ran heavily to classics, from Irving to Whitman with nods in the direction of Dreiser and O'Neill. Now there is a sudden rash of new American

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titles chiefly from the interwar period. Not everyone is treated with equal consideration; writers who may be said to descend from James, such as Willa Cather and Scott Fitzgerald, tend to be ignored. Those who descend from Mark Twain dominate the field, and chief among them is Hemingway. It is safe to say that everything of his that has ever been published in the United States has also been published in Japan, and what distinguishes him from Faulkner is that the people who buy his books read them.

Hemingway reached Japan very early. It is something like four decades now since "A Farewell to Arms" was first translated, but he continued to be read through years of strained relations on down to the very eve of Pearl Harbor. The translation of "To Have and Have Not" appeared in 1940. His chief vogue, however, has been since the Second World War, and he is largely responsible for having introduced a new word into the vocabulary of Japanese literary criticism. It is "hard-boiled," and it describes what is taken to be the essence of American writing. A leading dictionary concludes its definition of hard-boiled with the words "as in Hemingway's 'The Killers.'" There is a considerable vogue for hard-boiled writing among young Japanese. It marks a rather new departure for modern Japanese literature, which has tended to be strong on heroines and weak on heroes. Now the hero has come forward, and he belongs in the category covered by another recently borrowed Americanism—"tough guy." One has not met very many Japanese tough guys before one begins to suspect that Hemingway himself was the model for them all, as with him the immediacy of the physical act is everything, and, as with him *nada* (nothing) is the reply when action stops and questioning begins.

If the Japanese tough guy seems just a little pale beside Jake Barnes, that is scarcely Hemingway's fault. Indeed it may be because one-half of his message, and perhaps the most important half, has not been listened to with sufficient attention. Hemingway's influence on the matter of recent Japanese writing is beyond question. About his influence on the manner one may have doubts. In America Hemingway is probably more important today as a discipliner of language than as a man with something to say. For we have wearied a little of the lost generation. Hemingway the discipliner of language, however, has not been much noticed in Japan. Young writers who think of themselves as hard-boiled Hemingway people are so undisciplined that murder of language sometimes seems to be among their chief aims. There is a difference between beating language into order as Hemingway did and simply beating it. Be that as it may, Hemingway's passing has brought a sense of deprivation such as the passing of no Japanese writer is likely ever to bring to Americans. Papers and weekly magazines have been filled with obituaries and appreciations. One of the more striking ones was by the most conspicuous of hard-boiled writers, Ishihara Shintaro, who in effect demanded a verdict of suicide: It would just not be like Hemingway, he argued, to have an accident with a gun. Whatever the final verdict is, the fact that suicide should be argued so strenuously and on such grounds suggests the vivid image Hemingway has left behind. Japan is among his most loyal realms.

A Last Visit

By SEYMOUR BETSKY, *professor of English, Montana State University in Missoula.*

IN NOVEMBER 1960 Leslie Fiedler, a colleague at Montana State University, and I visited Ernest Hemingway at Ketchum, Idaho. We wanted to bring him to the campus for a visiting lecturers' series that in the past had included William Faulkner and W. H. Auden, and so to give the students the experience of hearing another serious and committed professional writer.

During the 300-mile drive to Ketchum we talked mostly about Hemingway's work. The "public" Hemingway we shared with others was the Hemingway of the magazine and newspaper, and we speculated cheerfully about the possibilities. When we met the man himself, the discrepancy between the familiar image and the person who advanced so courteously to meet us was astonishing. We were shocked by his appearance. Hemingway was tall and thin. The only resemblance to the man we had imagined was in the fullness of the face. And even the face was pale and red-veined, not ruddy or weather-beaten. We were particularly struck by the thinness of his arms and legs, and if our mind's eye hadn't retained an impression of the "barrel-chested" public figure, we would have said that even his chest had shrunk. He walked with the tentativeness of a man well over sixty-one. The dominant sense we had was of fragility.

Our next impression came directly: that of inarticulateness. Hemingway spoke in spurts of a few words, hardly ever in sentences. We asked him mostly about contemporary writing and writers, but could elicit little more than "that man has talent." He didn't want to talk about his own writing at all, and we didn't press him. But he seemed almost like a young writer going through the agonies of his first work. Could he get it done? How would it be received? And he told us about his routine. He would get up early and write in the early afternoon; then he would do a spot of hunting and some fishing. In the evenings he would watch television or would visit with friends. We gathered, too, that he read all the time. I found it hard to visualize his doing any hunting at all.

We talked about an hour and a half, trying different subjects to draw him out, but we couldn't cope with the inarticulateness. He appeared, in fact, to be trying to get us to talk. After a while we looked at each other with some embarrassment, restive and almost anxious to leave. When Hemingway asked us to drive him into town, we accepted with relief.

He had been enormously considerate, almost gentle, a man with Old World manners, down to the ritual pouring of a small glass of wine. Our opinions seemed seriously to matter, and he was inordinately concerned about our comfort and ease.

Later our conversation kept returning almost compulsively to the discrepancy between the public image and the man we had met. We sensed then that he was ill. When we subsequently heard that he was a patient at Mayo, the impressions of that extraordinary visit made sense.

Hemingway's life lent itself to the identification of the writer with his fictional world. There is a great temptation now to relate his death to that world. But only a responsible and scrupulous critic who cares deeply about Hemingway the writer can do this—and only later, with a sense of critical conscience.

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THE FIRST THING that happened when we were back in Paris was Hemingway with a letter of introduction from Sherwood Anderson.

I remember very well the impression I had of Hemingway that first afternoon. He was an extraordinarily good-looking young man, twenty-three years old . . . rather foreign looking, with passionately interested, rather than interesting eyes. He sat in front of Gertrude Stein and listened and looked.

They talked then, and more and more, a great deal together. He asked her to come and spend an evening in their apartment and look at his work. . . . This his first apartment was just off the place du Tertre. We spent the evening there and he and Gertrude Stein went over all the writing he had done up to that time. He had begun the novel that it was inevitable he would begin and there were the little poems afterwards printed by McAlmon in the Contract Edition. Gertrude Stein rather liked the poems, they were direct, Kiplingesque, but the novel she found wanting. There is a great deal of description in this, she said, and not particularly good description. Begin over again and concentrate, she said.

Hemingway was at this time Paris correspondent for a canadian newspaper. He was obliged there to express what he called the canadian viewpoint.

He and Gertrude Stein used to walk together and talk together a great deal. One day she said to him, look here, you say you and your wife have a little money between you. Is it enough to live on if you live quietly. Yes, he said. Well, she said, then do it. If you keep on doing newspaper work you will never see things, you will only see words and that will not do, that is of course if you intend to be a writer. Hemingway said he undoubtedly intended to be a writer. He and his wife went away on a trip and shortly after Hemingway turned up alone. He came to the house about ten o'clock in the morning and he stayed, he stayed for lunch, he stayed all afternoon, he stayed for dinner and he stayed until about ten o'clock at night and then all of a sudden he announced that his wife was enceinte and then with great bitterness, and I, I am too young to be a father. We consoled him as best we could and sent him on his way.

When they came back Hemingway said that he had made up his mind. They would go back to America and he would work hard for a year and with what he would earn and what they had they would settle down and he would give up newspaper work and make himself a writer. They went away and well within the prescribed year they came back with a new born baby. Newspaper work was over. . . . It was at this time that Hemingway began the short things that afterwards were printed in a volume called In Our Time.

One day Hemingway came in very excited about Ford Madox Ford and the Transatlantic. Ford Madox Ford had started the Transatlantic some months before. . . . Hemingway . . . said that Ford wanted something of Gertrude Stein's for the next number and he, Hemingway, wanted The Making of Americans to be run in it as a serial and he had to have the first fifty pages at once. Gertrude Stein was of course quite overcome with her excitement at this idea, but there was no copy of the manuscript except the one that we had had bound. That makes no difference, said Hemingway, I will copy it. . . . Later on when things were difficult between Gertrude Stein and Hemingway, she always remembered with gratitude that after all it was Hemingway who first caused to be printed a piece of The Making of Americans. She always says, yes sure I have a weakness for Hemingway. After all he was the first of the young men to knock at my door and he did make Ford print the first piece of The Making of Americans. . . .

Gertrude Stein and Sherwood Anderson are very funny on the subject of Hemingway. The last time that Sherwood was in Paris they often talked about him. Hemingway had been formed by the two of them and they were both a little proud and a little ashamed of the work of their minds. Hemingway had at one moment, when he had repudiated Sherwood Anderson and all his works, written him a letter in the name of american literature which he, Hemingway, *in company with his contemporaries was about to save, telling Sherwood just* what he, Hemingway thought about Sherwood's work, and, that thinking, was in no sense complimentary. When Sherwood came to Paris Hemingway naturally was afraid. Sherwood as naturally was not.

As I say he and Gertrude Stein were endlessly amusing on the subject. They admitted that Hemingway was yellow, he is, Gertrude Stein insisted, just like the flat-boat men on the Mississippi river as described by Mark Twain. But what a book, they both agreed, would be the real story of Hemingway, not those he writes but the confessions of the real Ernest Hemingway. It would be for another audience than the audience Hemingway now has but it would be very wonderful. And then they both agreed that they have a weakness for Hemingway

A figure of Gertrude Stein, friend, mentor, and critic of Hemingway, sculptured by Jo Davidson.

Hemingway and his publisher, Sylvia Beach, in front of "Shakespeare and Co."

THE PHOTOGRAPHS on pages 23 and 24 appear in "**Hemingway: A Pictorial Biography," by Leo Lania** (Viking, $5.95), published little more than a month before the death of its subject. Ernest Hemingway lives on in this strikingly illustrated record, from his youthful celebrity as swimmer, football player, and editor of *The Trapeze* at Oak Park (Ill.) High School, to his world-wide renown as big-game hunter and Nobel Prize-winning novelist.

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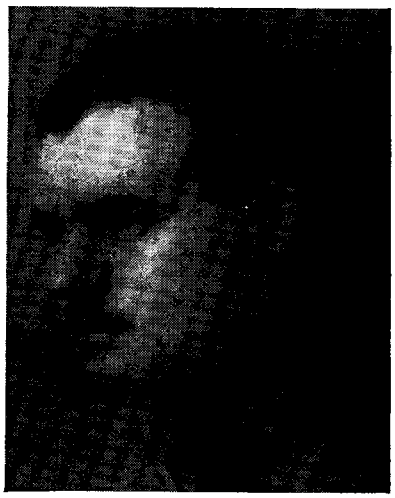

Hemingway in Paris—1924.

Hemingway in the late Twenties

Robert McAlmon—his first publisher.

because he is such a good pupil. He is a rotten pupil, I protested. You don't understand, they both said, it is so flattering to have a pupil who does it without understanding it, in other words he takes training and anybody who takes training is a favourite pupil. They both admit it to be a weakness. Gertrude Stein added further, you see he is like Derain. You remember Monsieur de Tuille said, when I did not understand why Derain was having the success he was having that it was because he looks like a modern and he smells of the museums. And that is Hemingway, he looks like a modern and he smells of the museums. But what a story that of the real Hem, and one he should tell himself but alas he never will. After all, as he himself once murmured, there is the career, the career. . . .

McAlmon had printed the three poems and ten stories of Hemingway and William Bird had printed In Our Time and Hemingway was getting to be known. He was coming to know Dos Passos and Fitzgerald and Bromfield and George Antheil and everybody else and Harold Loeb was once more in Paris. Hemingway had become a writer. He was also a shadow-boxer, thanks to Sherwood, and he heard about bull-fighting from me. I have always loved spanish dancing and spanish bull-fighting and I loved to show the photographs of bull-fighters and bull-fighting. I also loved to show the photograph where Gertrude Stein and I were in the front row and had our picture taken there accidentally. In these days Hemingway was teaching some young chap how to box. The boy did not know how, but by accident he knocked Hemingway out. I believe this sometimes happens. At any rate in these days Hemingway although a sportsman was easily tired. He used to get quite worn out walking from his house to ours. But then he had been worn by the war. Even now he is, as Hélène says all men are, fragile. Recently a robust friend of his said to Gertrude Stein, Ernest is very fragile, whenever he does anything sporting something breaks, his arm, his leg, or his head. . . .

So then Hemingway's career was begun. For a little while we saw less of him and then he began to come again. He used to recount to Gertrude Stein the conversations that he afterwards used in The Sun Also Rises and they talked endlessly about the character of Harold Loeb. At this time Hemingway was preparing his volume of short stories to submit to publishers in America. One evening after we had not seen him for a while he turned up with Shipman. Shipman was an amusing boy who was to inherit a few thousand dollars when he came of age. He was not of age. He was to buy the Transatlantic Review when he came of age, so Hemingway said. . . . Hemingway brought him with him to the house to talk about buying the Transatlantic and incidentally he brought the manuscript he intended sending to America. He handed it to Gertrude Stein. He had added to his stories a little story of meditations and in these he said that The Enormous Room was the greatest book he had ever read. It was then that Gertrude Stein said, Hemingway, remarks are not literature.

After this we did not see Hemingway for quite a while and then we went to see some one, just after The Making of Americans was printed, and Hemingway who was there came up to Gertrude Stein and began to explain why he would not be able to write a review of the book. . . .

For some years after this Gertrude Stein and Hemingway did not meet. And then we heard that he was back in Paris and telling a number of people how much he wanted to see her. Don't you come home with Hemingway on your arm, I used to say when she went out for a walk. Sure enough one day she did come back bringing him with her.

They sat and talked a long time. Finally I heard her say, Hemingway, after all you are ninety percent Rotarian. Can't you, he said, make it eighty percent. No, said she regretfully, I can't. After all, as she always says, he did, and I may say, he does have moments of disinterestedness.

After that they met quite often. Gertrude Stein always says she likes to see him, he is so wonderful. And if he could only tell his own story. In their last conversation she accused him of having killed a great many of his rivals and put them under the sod. I never, said Hemingway, seriously killed anybody but one man and he was a bad man and, he deserved it, but if I killed anybody else I did it unknowingly, and so I am not responsible.

It was Ford who once said of Hemingway, he comes and sits at my feet and praises me. It makes me nervous. Hemingway also said once, I turn my flame which is a small one down and down and then suddenly there is a big explosion. If there were nothing but explosions my work would be so exciting nobody could bear it.

—From "The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas," by Gertrude Stein.

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THE YOUNG WRITER IN PARIS AND PAMPLONA

By HAROLD LOEB, *an economist who was a close friend of Ernest Hemingway in the 1920s. Mr. Loeb's background formed the basis for the character Robert Cohn in the novel "The Sun Also Rises." The author of three novels and a book of reminiscences of the Twenties, he is now at work on another novel.*

I MET Ernest Hemingway in the fall of 1923, when he was twenty-four years old, at one of Ford Madox Ford's tea parties. Ford was publishing the *transatlantic review* and Hem was assisting him. Ford's passion for parties prompted him to invite nearly everyone he met during the week to come on Thursday afternoon to the gallery above William Bird's press, which he used as an office for the *review*. Outside, the Seine flowed quietly between gray walls.

Hem had a boyish, disarming smile and very white teeth. He wore sneakers and a jacket which had, peculiarly, a black patch over only one elbow. I don't remember how we got talking, but I liked his talk and, even more, the vitality that came through, his enthusiasm for hunting, boxing, and fishing. The scarcity of writers at that time in the United States, I felt, was the result of the widespread impression, a relic Oscar Wilde had left behind, that artists were not quite virile. I was delighted to discover a young, outdoor man devoting himself to literature. When we parted, we made a date to play tennis.

Soon we were playing tennis whenever the weather permitted on the public courts near the prison where the guillotine was kept. Hem was not a good player. His bad eye and trick knee, mementos of the wounds he had received while serving in the Italian Red Cross in World War I, were a handicap. Nevertheless, he took such delight in a good shot and put so much of himself into the contest, that the game was always fun. Afterward, and sometimes before, if more than the needed number of players turned up, we would box. I enjoyed boxing with Hem, though I never lost a slight feeling of trepidation. Hem was forty pounds heavier than I, but he took care not to exert his full strength. On that basis, I could hold my own. Sometimes, by taking advantage of his habit of signaling his punches by a twitch of the eye, I was able to beat him to the punch with a left jab. It was a pleasant feeling, but I had no illusions about being able to fend him off should he want to blast me.

Soon we got to talking about books and writing. *Broom*, the avant-garde magazine I had edited in Italy and Germany, had just folded, and I was finishing my first novel. Hemingway was writing steadily and well. Unlike most of the contributors to *Broom*, he did not describe exotic events, off-beat moods, or peculiar characters, but concentrated for the most part on usual events, things that had happened to him. Precision, rather than beauty or strangeness, was his criterion. Fishing described by Hem was a great experience, more intense than actual fishing. His special quality was his ability to evoke a scene so that it became more real to a reader than the incidents in his own life.

Yet his stories kept coming back from publishers. At that time the *Double Dealer* in New Orleans had published one or two, and Bob McAlmon and Bill Bird were getting out a small

The Festival at Pamplona (1925)—Harold Loeb stands directly behind bull's head; Hemingway (wearing beret) is behind Loeb.

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paperbound collection on their press, but they paid an author little. Hem, with a wife and a child, had a financial problem because Ford's *transatlantic review* might be nearing its end.

Some nine months after our first meeting, my novel "Doodab" was accepted by Liveright. My first impulse was to rush over to Notre Dame des Champs and show Hem the cable. It occurred to me on the way that despite Hem's tremendous capacity for friendship it might be a blow to hear of my success when his stories were being returned with discouraging regularity. Nevertheless, I showed Hem the cable. He and his wife, Hadley, were delighted.

I gave much thought to why Hem was getting nowhere. I wasn't alone in believing his stories were tremendous. Both Ford and Ezra Pound had recognized his talent from the start.

When it rained, Hem and I would sit on the terrace of the Restaurant L'Avenue, and order *Chablis* and *Portugaises* when hard up, *Pouilly Fuissé* and *Marennes* when we were flush. Perhaps my success had gone to my head, or perhaps it was the combination of wine and oysters that induced me on one of these occasions to tell Hem what he ought to write.

"What they want," I said, "is violence and women. You've got lots of violence. Why not insert some women? So far, you've given us only the shadow of a woman. That poor Marjorie. . . ."

"Women!" Hem said.

"It's your good luck," I said brashly, "to be married happily. It must be wonderful. But a happily married man misses something."

"Such as what?"

By then I was aware of the cloud, the black ominous cloud that had spread across his features. Nevertheless, I went on blithely.

"Misery," I said.

"So I've not known misery! So that's what you think!"

I had no desire to discuss misery. Hem had no bent for talking about abstractions, although misery was a pretty tangible abstraction. "Let's have another bottle," I said. "This one's on me. To hell with misery."

Hem's anger had vanished. His eyes were intent. "So you think I haven't known misery. That I'm just a Midwestern. . . ."

"Just thought you were a little luckier than some," I interrupted.

But he wasn't listening. He was talking about a girl in Italy, a trained nurse. She had taken care of him in the hospital during the war. They had fallen in love. She had left him. Hem became quite eloquent. He described in sensual detail her head, her hair. Her body had taunted him for years, he said. I never doubted again that Hem had known misery.

And I was aware for the first time of the fury within him. Not a bad fury. Furies, like many other spirits, have more than one face. The good side of Hem's fury drove him forward, enabled him to take extraordinary pains, pushed him to writing incessantly—"putting things down," Hem called it—made him a great writer.

But Hem's fury could also arouse black anger. It did not occur to me then that it would one day turn him against me.

That was the late fall of 1924. We went to Senlis together, looked at the cathedral, and at the carp in the dark, still moat. We planned to go skiing in Austria that winter and fishing in Spain in the early summer. After that the bullfights. Hem was enthusiastic about bullfighting. "It takes guts," he said.

I had to go to New York to discuss my book in January; there I had the good fortune to catch Hem's "In Our Time" as it was being returned to him by my publisher. I knew the reader, Beatrice Kaufman, and urged her to have another look. "He's a great writer and a novel will be coming along soon," I told her. She did take another look at the manuscript and eventually Liveright published it. I believed Sherwood Anderson put in a word for it, too. Hem, off in Austria, was exultant.

I DID not make the fishing trip to Spain, but I did arrive in Pamplona with Duff Twysden and Pat Guthrie before Hem, Hadley, Bill Smith, and Don Stewart got back from fishing.

They were downcast, they hadn't caught a fish; a reservoir was being constructed, and it had ruined the streams. I supposed Hem's bad humor was due to frustration. It's not much fun fishing without getting a bite.

The next day was better. We drove out to the suburbs to see the bulls being unloaded, nice sleek animals, more catlike than the shaggy brutes I had helped herd in Alberta. Then there was the running of the bulls through the street and our attempts at the early morning amateur shindig, to pass them to the right or left with jacket instead of cape. Hem, Bill and I went in over the barrier. Pat wouldn't, and Don had had enough the year before when he'd broken a rib. In the afternoon, bullfighting. Drinking at night. So it went for several days.

Yet something was wrong, something more than bad fishing. Maybe I was peculiar in feeling sympathy for the bull who bounced out so hopefully to be harassed and goaded until broken. And then the death thrust, with most of the audience spellbound by the final agony. Hem was irritated by my sentiment.

Pat started baiting me. Pat had no reason to like me. I didn't like him either, and he had more cause. But I couldn't do much about his remarks because he made them only when he had drunk too much. Then, one evening, toward the end, Hem openly backed Pat up, and our relationship somehow began to worsen.

The hurt of a friend's desertion is a bitter hurt, especially when you do not know the cause. I wondered if more than bulls was involved. The insults continued. And Hem wasn't drunk. He was as sober as I was. So I asked him to step out, not in anger, but because it was either that or running away.

It was an odd walk around the square in Pamplona. Although most of the celebrants had gone off, there was still light under the colonnades. We made for a corner across from us where the street would be dark and empty. Hem was grim. I regretted that I hadn't thrown a glass of wine in his face. Then the whole thing might have broken up in a drunken fracas, leaving no mark.

We reached the dark street. I fumbled with my glasses. It seemed unutterably stupid. I looked at Hem. I thought I saw a smile. "I don't really want to hit you," I said.

"Me either."

But it was never the same again. We tried hard. I talked about the grace and skill of the bullfighters. Hem wrote me a sweet letter of apology. But it did no good. We parted the next day, Hem and Hadley going on to Madrid for the bullfighting; Duff, Pat, Bill, and I returning to St. Jean de Luz. When Hem came back to Paris, I even played tennis so badly that he beat me. But it wasn't the same. We had a farewell dinner and Bill and I left for the United States.

More than a year later, "The Sun Also Rises" came out. At first I couldn't read it. It wasn't that events and people in real life should not be used in fiction—we must use what we know best—but that Hem had seen fit to tag my background onto a miserable character. It wasn't necessary. It seemed vindictive. But my feelings have long since subsided.

Now that Hem is dead, the world seems emptier. It isn't the writing that he still could have done that matters; but the loss of the man, the vital, warm individual who could love and hate, work and play with such glorious exuberance.

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MILESTONES ON A LITERARY JOURNEY

From the outset, Ernest Hemingway had an electrifying effect on the book-reviewing community. Whether adulatory or acerbic, nearly all appraisals of his work reflected the critics' sense of excitement and personal involvement. In the following pages, Hemingway's career as a writer and a legend is traced through brief excerpts from reviews of his major works.

The Torrents of Spring (1926)

"Mr. Hemingway is one of the younger writers whose future may be interesting. In his book of short stories, 'In Our Time,' he presented some fiction of more than average merit, though the influence of Sherwood Anderson was discernible. 'The Torrents of Spring,' inasmuch as it burlesques the Andersonian manner, may be taken as a sign that Hemingway is freeing himself of an influence of which he is obviously conscious. The book is slight but amusing in spots."

—William Rose Benet, *Saturday Review of Literature.*

"'The Torrents of Spring' reveals Mr. Hemingway's gift for high-spirited nonsense. Whatever its effect on literary foibles, it contributes to that thoughtful gayety which true wit should inspire. While he ridicules certain extravagances by pushing them to the logical conclusion, Mr. Hemingway obviously entertains a robust respect for the object of his allusive gibes. In the last analysis, the book sets out to amuse. This it does."

—*New York Times.*

"The . . . announcement . . . that he is to be 'the big man in American letters' may not be far from the truth. We shall see whether his understanding of life keeps pace with his devilish capacity to express it. . . . Scripps's adventures with his new wife, Diana, the elderly waitress in Brown's Beanery—BEST BY TEST—Yogi's discomfiture in the Indian Club . . . and Hemingway's notes to the reader . . . are a healthy laugh at the oversolemnity of modern fiction. . . . In writing 'The Torrents of Spring' he has weaned himself. That he had to do it so vigorously is the finest tribute Sherwood Anderson has received yet. That he chose to do it wittily is our good luck."

—L. S. Morris, *New Republic.*

"Hemingway has caught a glint of Anderson's professional naïveté. Beyond that, however, parody is a gift of the gods. Few are blessed with it. It missed Hemingway. He is better as a writer of short stories."

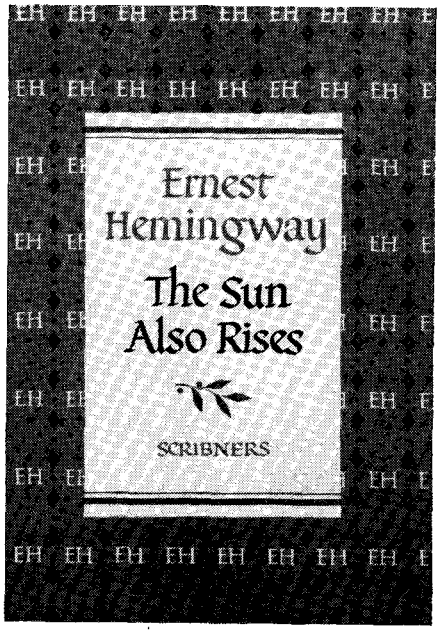
—Harry Hansen, *New York World.*

The Sun Also Rises (1926)

"So we have the wanderings of the various expatriates, like sick pilgrims going from shrine to shrine. . . . To their woeful situation he has managed to impart a poignant and aching beauty. . . . In them the native attributes are in excess, merely because they live outside the fatherland they represent. Our sun also rises with theirs and goes down and . . . in this light the novel might be called—heaven forbid—a 'social document.' . . . Mr. Hemingway has wrought a beautiful and searching novel. . . ." —*Boston Transcript.*

". . . [Hemingway] has simply gathered, almost at random, a group of American and British expatriates from Paris, conducted them on a fishing expedition, and exhibited them against the background of wild Spanish fiesta and bullfights. . . . No amount of analysis can convey the quality of 'The Sun Also Rises.' This novel is unquestionably one of the events of an unusually rich year in literature."

—*New York Times.*



"His characters are as shallow as the saucers in which they stack their daily emotions, and instead of interpreting his material . . . he has been content merely to make a carbon copy of a not particularly significant surface of life in Paris." —*The Dial.*

"Hemingway doesn't fill out his characters and let them stand by themselves; he isolates one or two chief traits which reduce them to caricature. His perception of the physical object is direct and accurate; his vision of character, singularly oblique."

—Allen Tate, *The Nation.*

"The sense of unbounded vigor and enthusiasm coolly repressed and controlled that characterized Ernest Hemingway's book of short stories, 'In Our Time,' is also the most striking feature of this notable first novel. Written in terse, precise, and aggressively fresh prose, and containing some of the finest dialogue yet written in this country, the story achieves a vividness and a sustained tension that make it unquestionably one of the events of a year rich in interesting books.

"Nothing, the adjective is used advisedly, that Hemingway describes has ever been more convincingly described. It probably never will be; for while he writes with spareness and economy, his gift for seizing upon the essential qualities of whatever occupies his attention leaves the reader with nothing to learn. There is a truly Shakespearian absoluteness about his writing. But the things he writes about—bullfights, Spanish fiestas, shallow philanderings, and the petty subtleties of café disputes and amours—seem scarcely worthy of the care, of the artistic integrity which he devotes to them.

—Cleveland B. Chase, *Saturday Review of Literature.*

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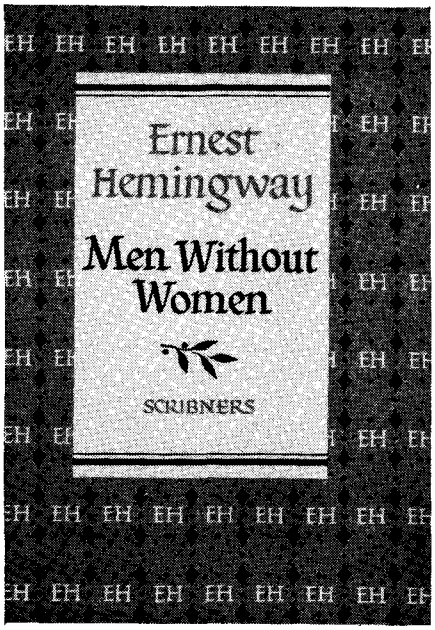
Men Without Women (1927)

"Although to speak of Hemingway's realism is roughly sufficient, the author of 'Men Without Women' has so refined general practices that it is in the realistic hint rather than the realistic statement that his power lies. Hemingway's is the art of the reporter carried to the highest degree. Ernest Hemingway is the supreme reporter. His facts may be from experience, and they may be compounded solely of imagination; but he so presents them that they stand out with all the clearness and sharpness (and also the coldness) of pinnacles of ice in clear, frosty air. To sum up in a figure, Hemingway's is a stark naked style."

—Percy Hutchison.
New York Times.

"All of these are good trenchant stories, quick, terse and strong. . . . Take the pathetic story of the Major whose wife died 'In Another Country'; or the sardonic story of a conversation in a railway carriage—'A Canary for One'; or stories like 'The Undefeated' and 'Fifty Grand' which are full of the sordidity and heroism of bull fighting and boxing. Mr. Hemingway is courageous; he is candid; he is highly skilled; he plants words precisely where he wishes; he has moments of bare and nervous beauty; he is modern in manner but not in vision; he is self-consciously virile; his talent has contracted rather than expanded; compared with his novel his stories are a little dry and sterile. So we sum him up. So we reveal some of the prejudices, and instincts, and the fallacies out of which what it pleases us to call criticism is made."

—Virginia Woolf,
New York Herald Tribune.



". . . [The stories] are as clear and crisp and perfectly shaped as icicles, as sharp as splinters of glass. It is impossible to read them without realizing that seldom if ever before has a writer been able to cut so deeply into life with the twenty-six curved tools of the English alphabet." —*Time.*

"To the present critic, who is amazed by and genuinely admires the lean virtuosity of Mr. Hemingway, the second most astonishing thing about him is the narrowness of his selective range. The people he observes with fascinated fixation and then makes live before us are real, but they are all very much alike: bullfighters, bruisers, touts, gunmen, professional soldiers, prostitutes, hard drinkers, dope fiends."

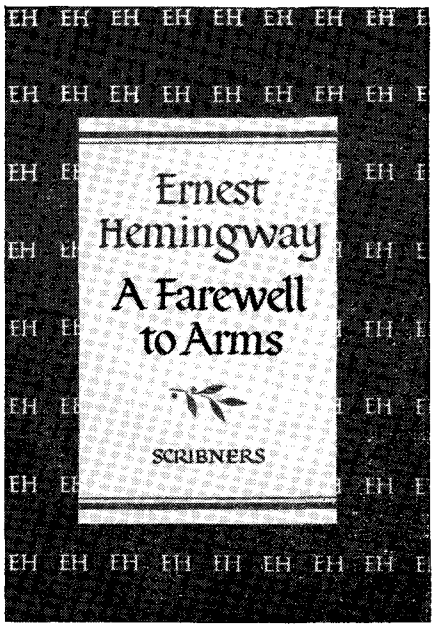
—L. W. Dodd,
Saturday Review of Literature.

A Farewell to Arms (1929)

"I want to go on record as thinking that 'A Farewell to Arms' by Ernest Hemingway is the best novel which has been written by any living American. . . . Possibly in a month's time my enthusiasm may have cooled into the belief that 'A Farewell to Arms' is a superb story. That is the absolute limit of my caution. . . . I think the novel is one of the most eloquent love stories I know, but if anybody challenges me on this I'll shift my ground and say that no one can compare with Hemingway in scenes where men sit down together to engage in talk which is not for publication. In fact, not a single figure moves across the pages of 'A Farewell to Arms' who seems to have the slightest notion that he is a character in a book."

—Heywood Broun,
New York Telegram.

"'A Farewell to Arms' is an erotic story, shocking to the cold, disturbing to the conventional who do not like to see mere impersonal amorousness lifted into a deep, fierce love, involving the best in both man and woman, without changing its dependence upon the senses, nor trafficking with social responsibility. It deals with life where the blood is running and the spirit active—that is enough for me. As for Hemingway's frankness of language, to object to it would be priggish. There is no decadence here, no overemphasis on the sexual as a philosophy. Rather, this book belongs with those studies of conjugal love which just now are interesting the French. If you set out to write of the love life of a man and his wife when that love life is central in their experience, why that love life



is what you write about and frankness belongs to the theme."

—Henry Seidel Canby,
Saturday Review of Literature.

"On the surface, the newer story is more effective than [his] earlier novel. There is more drama, the movement is more nearly continuous and better sustained. And the story of the love between the English nurse and the American ambulance officer, as hapless as that of Romeo and Juliet, is a high achievement in what might be termed the new romanticism. And yet for the present reviewer 'The Sun Also Rises' touches a note which Hemingway caught once, and, in the very nature of the thing, cannot touch again."

—Percy Hutchison,
New York Times.

"Its detail is as marvelous as any yet given. The description of the wounding of the hero in a bombardment is as tremendously effective as anything current. In fact, I seriously question whether this description has been equaled. Its dialogue . . . is masterly in reproductive realism. . . . A strange and original book. Whatever it may not do to you, it will convince you of its honesty and veracity. You will never be able to say as you read: 'This isn't true. This is exaggerated. This is forced.'"

—Arnold Bennett,
London Evening Standard.

"One cannot help thinking that 'A Farewell to Arms' is a symbolic title: that it is Hemingway's farewell to a period, an attitude, and perhaps to a method also. . . . Pity, love, adventurousness, anger, the emotions on which his earlier books were based, almost to the entire exclusion of ideas, are less violently stimulated in a world at

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peace. The emotions as a whole are more colored by thought; perhaps they are weaker and certainly they are becoming more complicated. They seem to demand expression in a subtler and richer prose." —Malcolm Cowley, *New York Herald Tribune.*

"It is an emotional triumph at a time when many writers are making their books intellectual exercises. It is the most successful exhibit of a prose style which must be anathema to all who teach English in the schools, for it is based purely on a knowledge of the reader's psychological limitations and blows syntax to bits. But the story is as gripping and as moving as any set down in polished sentences. 'A Farewell to Arms' is the best book Hemingway has done, by all odds."
—Harry Hansen, *New York World.*

Death in the Afternoon (1932)

"A basic treatise on the art of the bullfighter, also a superbly colored and capricious essay on human pride. It has grand flashes of ribaldry and wit, with brutal humors and frank compassions, and is shot through with a ruthless profundity. . . . Such books remain forever out of literary categories and become, according to the depth of originality in the writer, a work unto themselves. Their influence is not to be calculated. So it is with 'Death in the Afternoon.'"
—Laurence Stallings, *New York Sun.*

"In the evening I began to read E. Hemingway's 'Death in the Afternoon' and knowing that it treated of bullfighting thought that I would read a page or two, but became so enthralled with the writing of it, which I thought was the best Hemingway had done, that I read the whole book until late in the night."
—F.P.A., *New York Herald Tribune.*

"It may be said flatly that the famous Hemingway style is neither so clear nor so forceful in most passages of 'Death in the Afternoon' as it is in his novels and short stories. In this book Mr. Hemingway is guilty of the grievous sin of writing sentences which have to be read two or three times before the meaning is clear. The fact that a sentence is usually good Anglo-Saxon, with anything but a shrinking from calling a spade a spade, does not make it a clear sentence if one cannot easily distinguish the subordinate verbs from the principal one. The book will certainly fi d its place on the shelves of Hemingway addicts."
—R. L. Duffus, *New York Times.*

"The author has written a book in

which technical explanations burn with emotion because of the passion that is mated with the science. And I, having read this book with close attention and continuous excitement, must testify that of the little I now know about bullfighting 10 per cent is due to personal experience; and 90 per cent to 'Death in the Afternoon,' which has clarified the significance of that experience, and transformed into scientific and esthetic certainties many intuitions. . . . Ernest Hemingway, in the handling of words as an interpretation of life, is not a brilliant and ephemeral novillero but a matador possessed of solid and even classic virtues.
—Ben Ray Redman, *Saturday Review of Literature.*

Green Hills of Africa (1935)

"The best-written story of big-game hunting anywhere I have read. In 'Green Hills of Africa' his writing is better than ever, fuller, richer, deeper . . . the best trophy any writer has brought out of the big-game country in many years."
—Charles Poore, *New York Times.*

"I think his African book is about as good as anything I have read in English." —John O'Hara, *New York Sun.*

"Except that it was written by Ernest Hemingway and to keep the records complete in book form, who would ever have cut 'Green Hills of Africa' out of *Esquire* and put it into a book?"
—Fanny Butcher, *Chicago Daily Tribune.*

"The new book of Ernest Hemingway has been to me a great disappointment. 'Green Hills of Africa' is certainly far and away his weakest book, in fact the only really weak book he has written (leaving out of consideration the burlesque 'Torrents of Spring'). . . . The sophisticated technique of the fiction-writer comes to look artificial when it is applied to a series of real happenings; and the necessity of sticking to what really happened prevents the writer from supplying the ideal characters and incidents which give point to a work of fiction. . . . Hemingway's literary personality appears here in a slightly absurd light. . . . There is one passage which is hardly even intelligible—the most serious possible fault for a writer who is always insisting on the supreme importance of lucidity. . . . He affirms in accents of defiance his perfect satisfaction with the hunter's life and his passionate enthusiasm for Africa; and then writes what seems to me the only book I have ever read which makes Africa and its animals seem dull."
—Edmund Wilson, *New Republic.*

"'Green hills of Africa' cannot compete with his works of the imagination. It is not exactly a poor book, but it is certainly far from a good one. The trouble is that it has few fine and no extraordinary passages, and long parts of it are dull. And being bored by Ernest Hemingway is a new experience for readers and reviewers alike. . . . He has reverted to his café-table-talk days, he is being arty, and Africa isn't a good place for it. When he is being a novelist, he achieves his purpose. His book has the life and validity he tells us he set out to give it; he gets the experience itself into prose. . . . The big news for literature, however, is that, stylistically, there is a new period of Hemingway. He seems to be fighting a one-man revolution to carry prose back to 'The Anatomy of Melancholy,' or beyond. . . . An unimportant book. A pretty small book for a big man to write. One hopes that this is just a valley and that something the size of 'Death in the Afternoon' is on the other side." —Bernard DeVoto, *Saturday Review of Literature.*

To Have and Have Not (1937)

"An absorbing and moving story. It opens with a fusillade of bullets, reaches its climax with another, and sustains a high pitch of excitement throughout; but it is more than a superficial story of adventure. Mr. Hemingway's gift for dialogue, for effective understatement, and for communicating emotions has never been more conspicuous."
—*London Times, Literary Supplement.*

"Hemingway's new novel will strike

(*Continued on page* 35)

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A Feeling About Life

ERNEST HEMINGWAY has died in what is officially called an accident but doesn't sound much like one. He had risked death more often than most men—in war, in big-game hunting, on land and sea and in the air—and at last, it appears, he sought it out.

There have been endless disputes about individual novels and about his career as a whole, but few critics deny that he was one of our great writers. He appeared abruptly in the Twenties with a vision and a style of his own, and he reached the imaginations of people all over the world. He was not always at his best, but his best work, both novels and short stories, has endured, and will endure for a long time to come. He has also had a great influence on two or three literary generations, an influence that testified to his originality and power even when it proved harmful to his imitators.

But Hemingway was not merely a much admired writer; he was, almost from the start, a legend. At the beginning he was a personification of the revolt of the Twenties, the epitome of the Lost Generation, lost but vastly glamorous. His readers, not without justification, identified him with his heroes. Disillusioned by the war, this Hemingway had rejected *in toto* the conventions and the values of contemporary society, and all the words that once were sacred meant nothing to him. He held to a simple code, in which courage was the major virtue. Sex and alcohol and the more violent sports made him feel good, and therefore they were good.

As Hemingway and the century grew older, the image changed, but perhaps not in fundamentals. Hemingway was no longer a poor Bohemian; he was by any definition a successful man. But he remained an intrepid individualist. He wrote as he pleased, and he talked as he pleased. (Sometimes he talked nonsense, but that was his privilege.) And he lived as he pleased, boldly, dangerously. His unorthodox adventures as a correspondent in World War II were worthy of his legend, and subsequent exploits often put him in the headlines.

I HAVE heard organization men and men who were afraid they might become ones talk wistfully of Hemingway. Beholden to no one, scornful of convention, able to stand alone, he was what they wanted to be and conspicuously weren't. That, I think, has been his legendary role in these later years, when more and more people have found it advisable to conform to a pattern that was not of their choosing. He looked, talked, and acted like nobody else, and, so far as he was concerned, you could take him or leave him.

As everyone who has read his works knows, Hemingway's individualism was not superficial, though some of its manifestations may have bordered on mere eccentricity. From the first he wrote of men alone. It is Jake Barnes's essential loneliness that makes "The Sun Also Rises" so much more than the novel of a decade or a generation. Frederic Henry escapes from his loneliness only to be tragically returned to it. In the early short stories Manuel the bullfighter, Ole Anderson the gangster, and Jack Brennan the boxer are all alone, and so is Nick, the most unmistakably autobiographical of all Hemingway's heroes, in "Big Two-Hearted River."

In theory Hemingway qualified his individualism during the Thirties. The climax of "To Have and Have Not" comes when the dying Harry Morgan says that no man alone has a chance. ("It had taken him a long time to get it out and it had taken him all his life to learn it.") Not long after Hemingway declared with John Donne that no man is an island. Yet it is about the unregenerate Harry Morgan, the Harry who still believes in what can be done by a man alone, that he wrote his novel, and it was with that Harry that he sympathized. Robert Jordan in "For Whom the Bell Tolls," though he has a cause, is a recalcitrant individualist too and especially at the end. As for Hemingway's last two heroes, they are cast in the old mold. Colonel Cantwell in "Across the River and Into the Trees" is not only an individualist; he is as stubborn and opinionated and sometimes as objectionable as the older Hemingway himself, whom, of course, he closely resembles. Santiago in "The Old Man and the Sea" does all that a man alone can do and believes that that is enough.

Hemingway's individualism was not a theory; it was a feeling about life, and especially a feeling about death. In "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber" Harry Wilson says to Macomber: "How does it go? Shakespeare. Damned good. Used to quote it to myself at one time. Let's see. 'By my troth, I care not; a man can die but once; we owe God a death and let it go which way it will he that dies this year is quit for the next.' Damned fine, eh?" Hemingway goes on: "He was very embarrassed at having brought out this thing he had lived by. . . ."

A few years later, in an Introduction he wrote for an anthology called "Men at War," Hemingway said: "After being severely wounded two weeks before my nineteenth birthday I had a bad time until I figured it out that nothing could happen to me that had not happened to all men before me. . . . I was very ignorant

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

HOMAGE TO HEMINGWAY

THE RADIO BROUGHT us the sad news—Ernest Hemingway has left us forever. One of the brightest stars of our times, who lighted the humane road for peoples of all nations, is extinguished. Together with you, we grieve the untimely loss of a great American writer and a great friend of our country, the memory of whom will live forever in our hearts.

ALEXANDER KORNEICHUK,
VANDA VASILEVSKAYA.

Moscow, USSR

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Alexander Korneichuk, a leading Soviet playwright, is secretary of the USSR Union of Writers, a member of the Academy of Science, and a member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party. Vanda Vasilevskaya, his wife, is also a well-known writer in the Soviet Union.*

ATHENS IN IOWA?

ONE GETS THE impression from reading Rust Hills's review of Paul Engle's collection of prose and poetry called "Midland" [*SR*, July 1] that the reviewer was concerned primarily with knocking Iowa City instead of sticking to his duties as a literary critic.

If this impression isn't valid, then why does he use such a cutting and prejudicial phrase as "a muddy sort of town on the muddy Iowa River" to describe Iowa City? Even if true, which it isn't, that kind of snobbish sentiment is obviously out of context in what purports to be a serious review.

Incidentally, Mr. Hills is condescending toward parties. He writes that there is little better to do in Iowa City than sit around and talk, either in taverns or at parties. Are such activities to be derided?

STEPHEN L. SANGER.

San Francisco, Calif.

LET ME REMIND your readers and Paul Engle that Ann Arbor, Michigan, was first called "the Athens of the Midwest" early in this century and has been referred to in this way by many. From Rust Hills's description of Iowa City—called "the Athens of the Midwest" by the author of "Midland"—it appears that Ann Arbor is still much more qualified for the title.

JAMES FREDERICK MACARY.

Los Angeles, Calif.

DETERRENTS AND STIMULANTS

THE TRY BY T. S. Matthews to size up the Jews ["After Eichmann: Justice and the Jews" *SR*, July 8] was better than others I've endured. But, like many such essays, the piece suffers from understatements and oversimplifications.

He says the Jews may serve as deterrents in the moral sphere. . . . When Jews are armed with the imperatives of Judaism, they are more than deterrents; they are stimulants.

Jews unarmed with Judaism, or its by-products, are hardly factors in the moral realm. That is what makes empty the final compliment of Mr. Matthews, his offer to vote for a Jewish President. Just because a person is of Jewish descent should not be reason for anyone's voting for him—or against him. A person who could, in an unsectarian way, introduce the values of Judaism into our society would be worthy of a vote. But that might perhaps be better effected by some non-Jews than by some Jews.

(Rabbi) SAMUEL M. SILVER,
Temple Sinai.

Stamford, Conn.

. . . MR. MATTHEWS'S wish to vote for a Jewish President sounds as silly to me as someone stating that he would never vote for a Jew under any circumstances. I, and I believe a majority of my fellow Americans, would vote for a Jewish candidate—if we thought he would make a better President than his opponents.

EDWIN RICHARD KAMMIN.

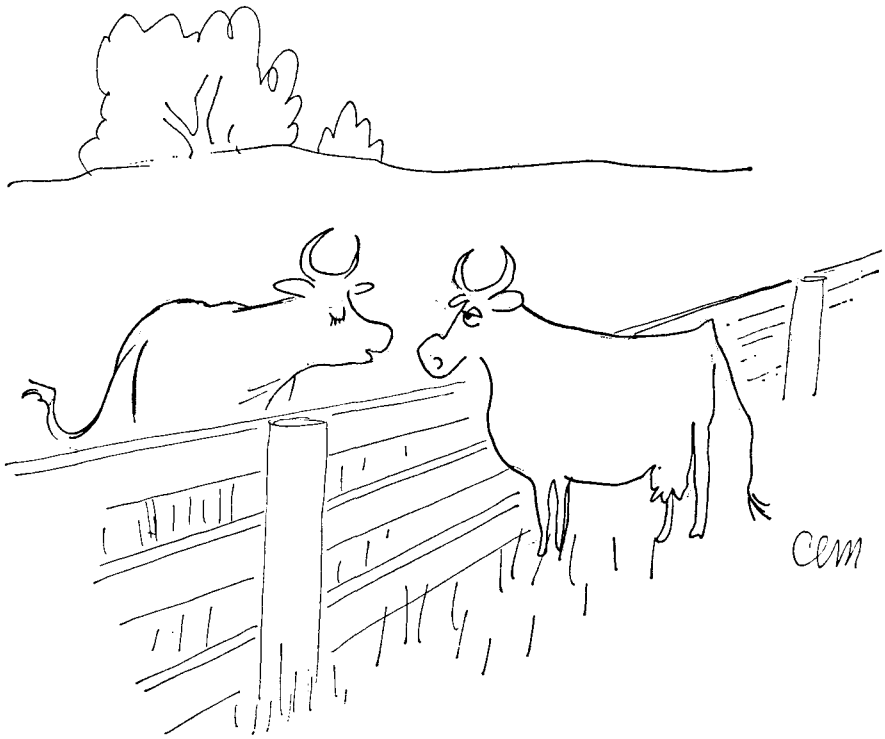
Brooklyn, N.Y.

THAT ANTI-SEMITISM is a Christian problem, rather than a Jewish one, T. S. Matthews has succinctly pointed out. From the days of the Diaspora in 584 B.C., the Jews have remained a people more through the force of an idea, a dream, an aspiration, than through any foothold they had on the solid earth. The State of Israel proves that even in an age when peoples can be entirely obliterated by the demonic destructive forces of war, the great dreams of man can still come true.

Mr. Matthews's article should be widely distributed.

PHILIP PLANT,
University of Tennessee.

Knoxville, Tenn.



"With my boss this is just an avocation. His real work is in Wall Street."

CASTRO'S CUBA

I READ WITH great interest Walter Reuther's letter to the editor about the Tractors for Freedom issue [*SR*, July 8].

I think it was very noble to try to free the "gallant men who fought for freedom and democracy on our behalf and at our behest on the shores of Castro's Cuba."

But I also believe there are some larger issues involved that should be mentioned. First, the next time men are fighting "on our behalf and at our behest" I hope it is planned much better and that we back them up with more adequate military power. Secondly, instead of trying to secure freedom only for the 1,200 or so freedom fighters, maybe we should also be trying to secure freedom for the whole oppressed Cuban population. And what about the many people who had their property confiscated when Castro came to power? These are issues that it would be well for us not to forget

JOHN ABERLE.

Los Angeles, Calif.

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Manner of Speaking

By John Ciardi

THE LANGUAGE OF AN AGE: About the time he won the National Book Award, William Faulkner was asked by a reporter to name the best novelists of our time. In reply, Faulkner ranked six (as I recall) in the order of their achievement, with Hemingway in last place. The first place went to Thomas Wolfe. Faulkner's reason for so strange a ranking was that Wolfe had never tried anything but the impossible, whereas Hemingway had never done anything but what he already knew how to do.

Such a ranking provides more insight into Faulkner's predilections than into Hemingway's achievement. Certainly Faulkner, with his passion to anatomize and psychoanalize emotions and motivations to and past the point of profusion, failed somewhere to make a meaningful contact with Hemingway's passion to avoid talking about emotions. But to say that Hemingway does not talk about emotions is not to say that he fails to deal with them, and to deal with them in a deeply felt and deeply feelable way. Hemingway's method was simply to talk *around* an emotion so carefully, and even so painfully, that the reader cannot avoid feeling the omitted statements *about* it. Hemingway was afraid of what words could do to twist and defraud the essence of the emotion. The nobler the words, the more readily he saw them as a possible trap. So in his justly famous declaration from "A Farewell to Arms":

> I was always embarrassed by the words sacred, glorious, and sacrifice and the expression in vain. We had heard them, sometimes standing in the rain almost out of earshot, so that only the shouted words came through, and had read them on proclamations that were slapped up by bill-posters over other proclamations, now for a long time, and I had seen nothing sacred, and the things that were glorious had no glory and the sacrifices were like the stockyards in Chicago if nothing were done with the meat except to bury it. There were many words you could not stand to hear and finally only the names of places had dignity. . . . Abstract words such as glory, honor, courage, or hallow were obscene beside the concrete names of villages, the numbers of roads, the names of rivers, the numbers of regiments and the dates.

To find the language that would not entrap emotion but release it, Hemingway had to evolve a superb instrument of style. Time, place, thing—these were the perdurable nouns of fact. There is nothing in Hemingway about how one is *supposed* to feel, about what the proper, socially accepted kind of feeling would be. There is only the fact, the feeling, and the style; that strange, compulsive, and ritualistic style whose elements are more nearly facts than words, and whose organic connections he found in the jerky, repetitive, staccato rhythms of Gertrude Stein.

That style was not born full-blown. The early Hemingway did permit himself to make direct statements about emotions. In "The End of Something" the boy and girl come to the end of a love affair, typically enough in the course of a fishing trip. The girl has just asked him what is wrong:

> "I don't know."
> "Of course you know."
> "No I don't."
> "Go on and say it."
> Nick looked on at the moon coming up over the hills.
> "It isn't fun any more."
> He was afraid to look at Marjorie. He looked at Marjorie. She sat there with her back toward him. He looked at her back. "It isn't fun any more. Not any of it."

The passage ends in the ritual fact of the fishing gear. She decides to take the boat back. He will walk back around the point. The fact of things is always there to be said. The emotion is the hollowness those facts surround. But at this stage Hemingway will still say "He was afraid to look at Marjorie." That much statement *about* emotion is still with him.

As it is still there in "In Another Country." The cynical and tensely self-contained Major has just come close to breaking up over the death of his wife:

> "Oh—" I said, feeling sick for him. "I am so sorry."
> He stood there biting his lower lip. "It is very difficult," he said. "I cannot resign myself."

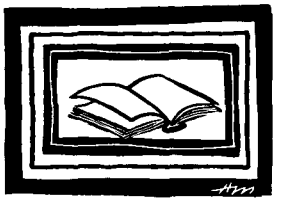
But one will have to look far for any trace of such author-remarks as "I said, feeling sick for him" in Hemingway's developed style, a classic example of which occurs at the very end of "The Sun Also Rises" in which Lady Brett Ashley, an aging but worldly baggage, explains (in a bar of course) her renunciation of the nineteen-year-old bullfighter with whom she had been having an affair, with whom she had been truly in love, and whom she had renounced for his own good. Hoisting her drink, she says to Jake:

> "Well, bungo-o."
> "Bung-o!"
> "You know," Brett said, "he'd only been with two women before. He never cared about anything but bull fighting."
> "He's got plenty of time."
> "I don't know. He thinks it was me. Not the show in general."
> "Well, it was you."
> "Yes. It was me."
> "I thought you weren't going to talk about it."
> "How can I help it!"
> "You'll lose it if you talk about it."
> "I just talk around it. You know I feel rather damned good, Jake."
> "You should."
> "You know it makes one feel rather good deciding not to be a bitch."
> "Yes."
> "It's sort of what we have instead of God."
> "Some people have God," I said, "Quite a lot."
> "He never worked very well with me."
> "Should we have another Martini?"

It is possible, of course, to burlesque this sort of dialogue. The fact that Hollywood and TV have taken it over as a standard product is burlesque enough, as any man may discover by reading Hemingway's "The Killers" and then turning on the TV to the evening's detective roster.

What counts for much more, as I see it, is the way in which the GIs of World War II lived and died with Hemingway dialogue in their mouths. Not that they had read Hemingway, not enough of them to make the language. The language was of their environment, of the necessity to contain themselves in the fact of time, place, and thing, without letting themselves fall headlong into word-traps. A man dies better without rhetoric. Their language was not out of Hemingway but out of themselves. Yet it justified his power as nothing else could. Hemingway had taken their emotions to war, and he had expressed war and loss and the necessary reticence so truly that he evolved their language before they got to it.

Perhaps that is a possible thing to do. I rather think, though, that art is what makes the impossible look easy. And Hemingway was that artist; a name at the bottom of no man's list.



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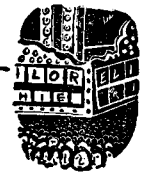

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Hemingway Into Film

THERE has always been something so deceptively simple about Ernest Hemingway's prose style, with its terse, pungent statements and vivid choice of adjectives, that critics liked to describe it as cinematic. His novels, even his short stories, they said, resembled movie scripts—all dialogue and quick description, colloquial rather than literary. (This was not always intended as praise.) It remained for the movie companies, however, to put this to the test. And the results have, in most instances, merely underscored the obvious, that Hemingway had created a literary form very much his own, with only the most superficial resemblance to film. As Edmund Wilson noted as long ago as 1924, Hemingway's seeming simplicity "serves actually to convey profound emotions and complex states of mind." The pictures drawn from his works have tended to stay on the surface, preserving the sound while missing the substance. Presumably, most of them were as embarrassing to Hemingway (if he ever saw them) as to his admirers.

One thing that attracted the studios to Hemingway's books long before he became established either as a best-selling or a prizewinning novelist was his instinct for a good title. In fact, for the first Hemingway title to hit the screen, "**Men Without Women,**" Fox tossed out the book altogether and concocted a submarine yarn from scratch. The 1932 version of "**A Farewell to Arms**" (made with Gary Cooper and Helen Hayes—and with an alternate happy ending in which Catherine survives) sweetened the original so much that Hemingway shied away from the movie companies completely for the next decade. Then "**For Whom the Bell Tolls**" scrupulously avoided every political implication in the novel; and "**To Have and Have Not**" retained so little of his original story that Warner Brothers was able to do it all over again six years later as "**The Breaking Point**" (this time, ironically, playing it considerably closer to the author's intentions). Both "**The Killers**" and "**The Snows of Kilimanjaro**" were built out from short stories with materials not even suggested in the originals—and in "Snows" a last-minute air evacuation of the dying Harry Street was tossed in for good measure. Small wonder that Hemingway often looked askance at Hollywood. Only once, in the memorable "**The Old Man and the Sea,**" did the studios earnestly attempt to capture both the spirit and the letter of his writings.

Gary Cooper and Helen Hayes in "A Farewell to Arms," directed by Charles Vidor, produced by Selznick for 20th Century-Fox.

Even so, despite the persistent attempts of screen writers to "lick" the Hemingway stories into acceptable formulas for film entertainment, the vigor of his characters and the intriguing situations that he invented for them continued to fascinate the studios—as the list below amply illustrates. However much they might have shied away from his ethical concerns, his testing of the nature of courage and the meaning of defeat, they recognized that in his best works he set in motion real people, people whose lives reflected the tensions and traumas of a real world. In a word, they were the kind of people the screen needed. If, as James Agee pointed out, the film version of "To Have and Have Not" "jettisoned a solid 90 per cent of the novel," if "**The Macomber Affair**" and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" were tidied up with meaningless endings (or rather, endings that negated their meanings), nevertheless, intrinsic to characters like Harry Morgan, Francis Macomber, and Harry Street was an indestructible fiber, an ingrained attitude toward life that carried through an astonishing amount of Hemingway's intention. Not even the superannuated stars of "**The Sun Also Rises**" could wholly mask the youthful disenchantment and despair of his death-seeking quintet of expatriates—although they *did* wear their masks a bit uncomfortably.

Perhaps the greatest obstacle to getting Hemingway *qua* Hemingway on the screen, however, was neither the myopia of producers, the obduracy of censors, nor the insensitivity of script writers, but Hemingway's own literary style. He once said that "a writer of fiction has to invent out of what he knows in order to make something not photographic, or naturalistic, or realistic, which will be something entirely new and invented out of his own knowledge." At his best, he succeeded all too well—so well, indeed, as to make his writing *seem* photographic. But the secret of Brett and her star-crossed companions was not to be found in externals, not in the *bistros* and bullfights to which the cameras assiduously accompanied them. It lay in the overtones of words on paper, as Hemingway had learned to use them. The sense of a scene was imbedded neither in the speeches nor in the action, the special provinces of the microphone and the camera, but in the clang of connotations rising from Heming-

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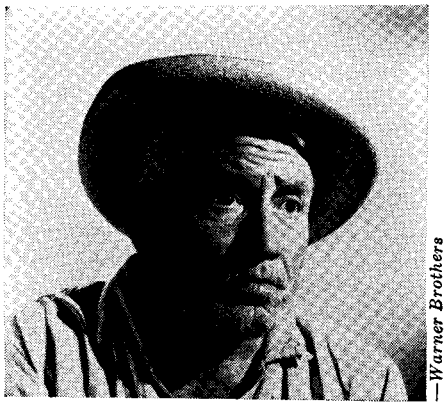
way's language, sentence structure, and even punctuation. As a result, although the film version of "The Sun Also Rises" used many scenes from the book, and retained a considerable amount of the dialogue as well, their deeper implications were missing.

Only twice have the film makers circled this pitfall successfully, in the opening sequence of "The Killers" and in "The Old Man and the Sea." In each, the lines were played exactly as written, without alteration or embellishment. In the former, however, the laconic dialogue of the gangsters in the diner was abetted by camera work that caught precisely the mood of the story and achieved photographically the tensions underlying the scene. In "The Old Man and the Sea," of course, the visuals were constantly supplemented by Hemingway's own text. Far from creating a redundancy (which would have been true were Hemingway's style literally cinematic), the device added a new dimension to the picture—the dimension of the author's own respect for the enduring courage and indomitable will of the simple fisherman. And although little of Hemingway's prose reads well aloud, being directed toward an inner ear, the restrained eloquence of "The Old Man and the Sea" brought to the film a monumentality it could have achieved in no other way.

I have just read the script for Jerry Wald's forthcoming production of **"Young Man,"** based on the Nick Adams stories, which are, in large measure, autobiographical. Written by A. E. Hotchner, Hemingway's close friend and official adapter, it too uses considerable narration and much of the original dialogue. On paper, it looks fine. But the lesson to be learned from all previous Hemingway adaptations is that the printed page is woefully deceptive. Far from being a cinematic writer, Hemingway requires a strong cinematic talent to rephrase his intentions for the screen. One hopes that the full potentialities of the Hotchner script will be realized; for these stories of the artist as a young man could well become the motion picture's best monument to the most influential and respected writer of our time. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

—*Courtesy Universal Pictures*



—*Warner Brothers*

Above: Seconds work feverishly on Burt Lancaster in "The Killers." Left: Spencer Tracy as the Old Man in "The Old Man and the Sea." In these two movies the opening lines were played exactly as they were written without embellishment.

Hemingway on Film

"A FAREWELL TO ARMS." *Paramount,* 1932. With Helen Hayes, Gary Cooper, Adolphe Menjou; directed by Frank Borzage.

"THE SPANISH EARTH." *Contemporary Historians,* 1937. Story and commentary by Hemingway; directed by Joris Ivens.

"FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS." *Paramount,* 1943. With Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper, Katina Paxinou; directed by Sam Wood.

"TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT." *Warner Brothers,* 1944. With Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, Walter Brennan; directed by Howard Hawks.

"THE KILLERS." *Universal,* 1946. With Burt Lancaster, Edmond O'Brien, Ava Gardner; directed by Robert Siodmak.

"THE MACOMBER AFFAIR" ("The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber"). *United Artists,* 1947. With Gregory Peck, Robert Preston, Joan Bennett; directed by Zoltan Korda.

"UNDER MY SKIN" ("My Old Man"). *20th Century-Fox,* 1950. With John Garfield, Luther Adler, Micheline Prelle; directed by Jean Negulesco.

"THE BREAKING POINT" ("To Have and Have Not"). *Warner Brothers,* 1950. With John Garfield, Patricia Neal, Juano Hernandez; directed by Michael Curtiz.

"THE SNOWS OF KILIMANJARO." *20th Century-Fox,* 1952. With Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward, Ava Gardner; directed by Henry King.

"THE SUN ALSO RISES." *20th Century-Fox,* 1957. With Tyrone Power, Ava Gardner, Errol Flynn; directed by Henry King.

"A FAREWELL TO ARMS." *20th Century-Fox,* 1958. With Rock Hudson, Jennifer Jones, Vittorio de Sica; directed by Charles Vidor.

"THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA." *Warner Brothers,* 1958. With Spencer Tracy; directed by John Sturges.

"THE GUN RUNNERS." *United Artists,* 1958. With Audie Murphy, Eddie Albert, Patricia Owens; directed by Don Siegel.

"YOUNG MAN" ("In Our Time" and other sources). *20th Century-Fox.* In preparation.

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Milestones

Continued from page 29

many people as confused and some people as transitional. For despite a living hero and a handful of superb scenes, it is a book with neither poise nor integration, and with shocking lapses from professional skill. It splits up in the middle, not simply as a narrative, but also as a conception for a narrative."
—Louis Kronenberger, *The Nation.*

"Not since Ring Lardner showed the way has conversation ever been made so delightfully real as Mr. Hemingway makes it . . . vivid, alive and eminently readable. One of those books you don't put down until you have finished it."
—*Providence Journal.*

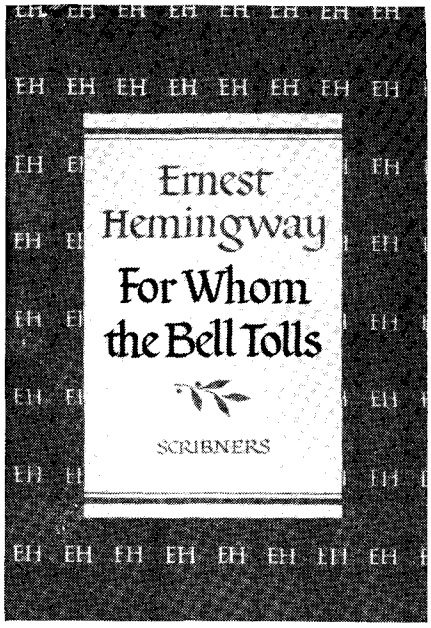
"In spite of its frequent strength as narrative writing, 'To Have and Have Not' is a novel distinctly inferior to 'A Farewell to Arms.' There is nothing in it comparable to the final chapter of the earlier book, or to the story of the retreat from Caporetto. Mr. Hemingway's record as a creative writer would be stronger if it had never been published."
—J. Donald Adams, *New York Times.*

"The story of Harry is so fast and exciting that you read it without caring, at the time, whether it's just a glorified pulp or whether it really says something. What it gives you is Harry's character, inside out, and always in Harry's own words.
—George Stevens,
Saturday Review of Literature.

For Whom the Bell Tolls (1940)

" 'For Whom the Bell Tolls' is not a stunt and is not merely sentimental. It is, on the contrary, the finest and richest novel which Mr. Hemingway has written, it is one of the finest and richest novels of the year, and it is probably one of the finest and richest novels of the last decade. Gone now are the brittle surface, the clever concision of the early books. Gone is the self-conscious 'little Hemingway' of 'Death in the Afternoon.' Gone is the Hemingway manner. Manner has been replaced by style, and the mere author has died out in the artist."
—H. M. Jones,
Saturday Review of Literature.

"This new novel of Hemingway will come as a relief to those who didn't like 'Green Hills of Africa,' 'To Have and Have Not,' and 'The Fifth Column.' The big game hunter, the waterside superman, the Hotel Florida Stal-



inist, with their constrained and fevered attitudes, have evaporated like the fantasies of alcohol. Hemingway the artist is with us again; and it is like having an old friend back."
—Edmund Wilson, *New Republic.*

"As a story this book offers not pleasure but mounting pain; as literature it lacks the reserve that steadies genius and that lack not only dims its brilliance but makes it dangerous in its influence." —*Catholic World.*

"This is the best book Ernest Hemingway has written, the fullest, the deepest, the truest. It will, I think, be one of the major novels in American literature. . . . I know of no love scenes in American fiction and few in any other to compare with those of 'For Whom the Bell Tolls' in depth and sincerity of feeling. They are unerringly right, and as much beyond those of 'A Farewell to Arms' as the latter were beyond the casual couplings of 'The Sun Also Rises.' . . . 'For Whom the Bell Tolls' is the book of a man who knows what life is about, and who can convey his knowledge. Hemingway has found bigger game than the kudu and the lion. The hunter is home from the hill."
—J. Donald Adams, *New York Times.*

"This book is not merely an advance on 'A Farewell to Arms.' It touches a deeper level than any sounded in the author's other books. It expresses and releases the adult Hemingway, whose voice was first heard in the groping 'To Have and Have Not.' It is by a better man, a man in whom works the principle of growth, so rare among American writers."
—Clifton Fadiman,
The New Yorker.

"Here is a book which people are going to be reading a long time from now, so long a time perhaps that the book may eventually be preceded by an introduction, recalling, to a generation that will certainly remember the greater drama, how this hideous Spanish curtain-raiser came about, and who fought in it, and where, and why. It is Mr. Hemingway's best novel, and one of the best novels about that carrion angel, man, which any American has written. I hope I shall forget certain parts of it as soon as possible, though it might be more useful, during the days that seem to lie ahead of us, to bear them in mind in moments of crisis."
—Robert Littell, *Yale Review.*

"As a conservative estimate, one million dollars will be spent by American readers for this book. They will get for their money thirty-four pages of permanent value. These thirty-four pages tell of a massacre happening in a little Spanish town in the early days of the Civil War. . . . Mr. Hemingway: please publish the massacre scene separately, and then forget 'For Whom the Bell Tolls'; please leave stories of the Spanish Civil War to Malraux; above all please tell us more stories to show that only the brave enjoy an existence fit to be had. We do not demand of you that you show us the way to peace and order. If we had them, could the land of Hemingway survive? Hemingwegians are not adapted to a stable, moral, peaceful world."
—J. N. Vaughan,
The Commonweal.

Across the River And Into The Trees (1950)

"The most important author living today, the outstanding author since the death of Shakespeare, has brought out a new novel. . . . The author, of course, is Ernest Hemingway, the most important, the outstanding author out of the millions of writers who have lived since 1616. . . . To use his own favorite metaphor, he may not be able to go the full distance, but he can still hurt you. Always dangerous. Always in there with that right cocked. 'Real class.' "
—John O'Hara, *New York Times.*

"This is a bad book. Most interesting, but all wrong."
—Paul Bloomfield,
Manchester Guardian.

"The book was obviously written under great tension . . . and can only distress anyone who admires Hemingway. Considering the state of crisis in

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which it is supposed to have been written, it is hard to say what one feels most in reading this book—pity, embarrassment that so fine and honest a writer can make such a travesty of himself, or amazement that a man can render so marvelously the beauty of the natural world and yet be so vulgar. . . . The Colonel is all the Hemingway prizefighters, hunters, drinkers, and soldiers in one. Yet this book is different, for it is held together by blind anger rather than the lyric emotion that gives Hemingway's best work its unforgettable poignance."

—Alfred Kazin, *New Yorker.*

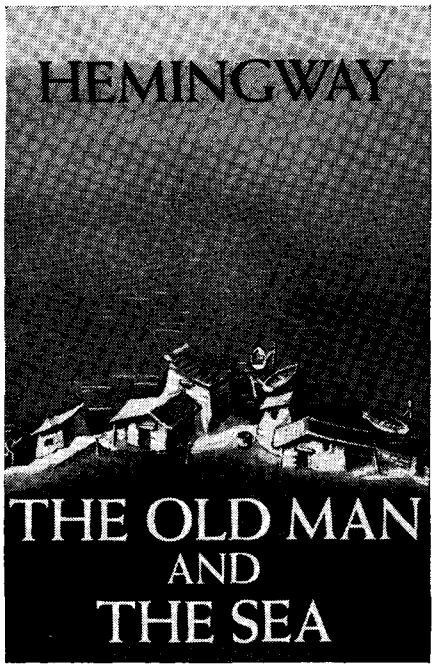
"This is an unfortunate novel and unpleasant to review for anyone who respects Hemingway's talent and achievement. It is not only Hemingway's worst novel; it is a synthesis of everything that is bad in his previous work and it throws a doubtful light on the future. It is so dreadful, in fact, that it begins to have its own morbid fascination and is almost impossible, as they say, to put down."

—Maxwell Geismar,
Saturday Review of Literature.

The Old Man and the Sea (1952)

"The admirable Santiago, Hemingway's ancient mariner and protagonist of this triumphant short novel, enters the gallery of permanent heroes effortlessly, as if he had belonged there from the beginning. . . . Once more, in his lengthening career as one of the few genuine tragic writers of modern times, Hemingway has memorably engaged a theme familiar to tragic literature. . . . It approaches, as a tragic pattern, the story of King Lear, whose shark-hearted daughters bled him of his dominions and his hundred knights, yet left his dignity unimpaired and his native courage unshaken. . . . 'The Old Man and the Sea' is a great short novel, told with consummate artistry and destined to become a classic in its time."

—Carlos Baker, *Saturday Review.*



"Papa has written it again the way it is and the way it should be and how it feels and with the full taste of it burning on the lips and the smell in the nose, and elsewhere. . . . I am prejudiced, because I think that Ernest Hemingway is the best writer, over the course, who ever lived. . . . When the taut line cut the old man's hands and the sun pounded on his skull, my hands hurt and my head ached. Hemingway can still take you close to tears and I was of a sudden tearful over a lousy fish." —Robert C. Ruark,
New York World Telegram.

"In its own terms the book is as nearly faultless as any short novel of our times . . ." —Malcolm Cowley,
New York Herald Tribune.

" 'The Old Man and the Sea' is intended to be a 'universal' book, dealing, however briefly, with the suffering of humanity as a whole. Its compassion is not exclusive. If it succeeded it would be a masterpiece surpassing anything that Mr. Hemingway has written. In my opinion it has not succeeded. Despite its great virtues, its lucidity, its brilliantly compact evocation of the sea, of physical endurance, of the power of the great fish, its compassion and its impact, it does not plumb these depths of primitive tragic simplicity at which it obviously aims."

—J. D. Scott,
New Statesman & Nation.

" 'The Old Man and the Sea,' by Ernest Hemingway, shows a great writer in a mood of unprecedented tenderness. . . . The old man heading home . . . is the embodiment of a cluster of themes that the author has announced and returned to through the whole body of his work, never more gravely and candidly than here. . . . 'The Old Man and the Sea' is sure to be considered one of the best-written books of the year. . . ."

—Brendan Gill, *The New Yorker.*

"On so many counts the book is momentous and heartening. . . . Though in his past work Hemingway suggested compassion and humility and love, in 'The Old Man' he gives expression to them in a directer and bolder way, without sacrificing the strength and toughness of the earlier work. And for a final thing, it suggests that the big book Hemingway has been working on in the past, and is still working on, may be his greatest."

—Harvey Breit, *The Nation.*

"Hemingway has already done the significant part of his life's work. . . . He is, by our living needs and standards, a true, brilliant, but very limited artist, and I believe that we have gotten all we can from him now. He may write several more good or even fine books of a kind, but it is very doubtful if they will extend our sensibilities and refresh our vision of life as the earlier works did; and the chances are that they will merely repeat, or embellish the best of his earlier work, as does 'The Old Man and the Sea.' "

—Seymour Krim,
The Commonweal.

". . . A style that is hard and brilliant and shines like rocks wet by rain. It is lean and tough and spare. . . . It needs no interpretation and stands as it is, beautiful and glorious with the majesty of man. . . . It is the finest sports story I've ever read. . . . It is a classic that will endure."

—Jimmy Cannon, *New York Post.*

The Hemingway Legacy

The following is a bibliography of the major works of Ernest Hemingway. Figures in parentheses are the dates of first publication.

"Three Stories and Ten Poems" (1923)
"In Our Time" (1924)
"The Torrents of Spring" (1926)
"The Sun Also Rises" (1926)
"Men Without Women" (1927)
"A Farewell to Arms" (1929)
"Death in the Afternoon" (1932)
"Winner Take Nothing" (1933)
"The Green Hills of Africa" (1935)
"To Have and Have Not" (1937)
"The Fifth Column and First Forty-nine Stories" (1938)
"For Whom the Bell Tolls" (1940)
"Across the River and Into the Trees" (1950)
"The Old Man and the Sea" (1952)

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A Literary Sampler

THEY WERE WALKING through the heather of the mountain meadow and Robert Jordan felt the brushing of the heather against his legs, felt the weight of his pistol in its holster against his thigh, felt the sun on his head, felt the breeze from the snow of the mountain peaks cool on his back, and, in his hand, he felt the girl's hand firm and strong, the fingers locked in his. From it, from the palm of her hand against the palm of his, from their fingers locked together, and from her wrist to his that was as fresh as the first light air that moving toward you over the sea barely wrinkles the glassy surface of a calm, as light as a feather moved across one's lip, or a leaf falling when there is no breeze; so light that it could be felt with the touch of their fingers alone, but that was so strengthened, so intensified, and made so urgent, so aching and so strong by the hard pressure of their fingers alone, and the close pressed palm and wrist that it was as though a current moved up his arm and filled his whole body with an aching hollowness of wanting. With the sun shining on her hair, tawny as wheat, and on her gold-brown smooth-lovely face and on the curve of her throat he bent her head back and held her to him and kissed her. He felt her trembling as he kissed her and he held the length of her body tight to him and felt her breasts against his chest through the two khaki shirts, he felt them small and firm and he reached and undid the buttons on her shirt and kissed her and she stood shivering, holding her head back, his arm behind her. Then she dropped her chin to his head and then he felt her hands holding his head and rocking it against her. He straightened and with his two arms around her held her so tightly that she was lifted off the ground, tight against him and he felt her trembling and then her lips were on his throat, and then he put her down and said, "Maria, oh my Maria."

—From "For Whom the Bell Tolls."

SO FAR, ABOUT MORALS. I know only that what is moral is what you feel good after and what is immoral is what you feel bad after and judged by these moral standards, which I do not defend, the bullfight is very moral to me because I feel very fine while it is going on and have a feeling of life and death and mortality, and after it is over I feel very sad but very fine. Also, I do not mind the horses; not in principle, but in fact I do not mind them. I was very surprised at this since I cannot see a horse down in the street without having it make me feel a necessity for helping the horse, and I have spread sacking, unbuckled harness and dodged shod hoofs many times and will again if they have horses on city streets in wet and icy weather, but in the bull ring I do not feel any horror

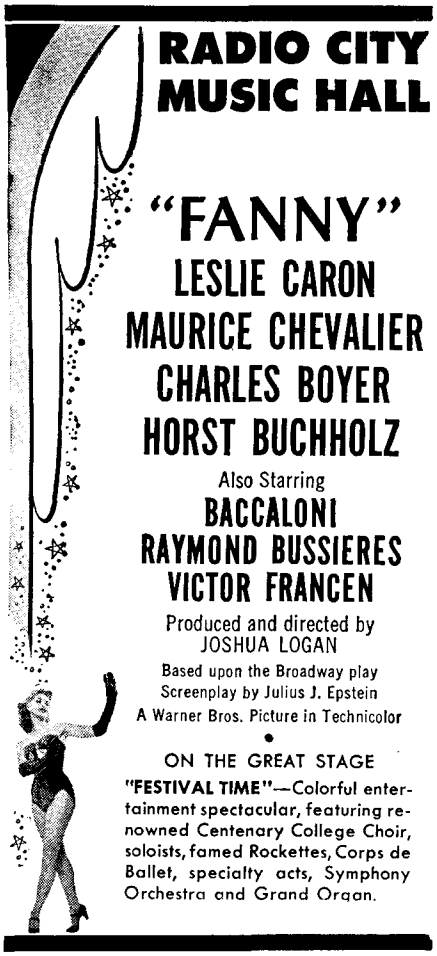
Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

TILL DEATH US DO PART

Fifteen poets have surrendered a title apiece to make up this outline of a life history, presented by Robb McKenzie of Newark, New Jersey. Once you have skimmed this eventful life, return each to its rightful owner in the second column. Answers on page 38.

1.	"She Walks in Beauty"	( ) William Blake
2.	"Modern Love"	( ) Robert Browning
3.	"Parting at Morning"	( ) Robert Burns
4.	"Provide Provide"	( ) Lord Byron
5.	"Going to the Wars"	( ) Emily Dickinson
6.	"On My First Son"	( ) John Donne
7.	"Nurse's Song"	( ) Robert Frost
8.	"Among School Children"	( ) Samuel Johnson
9.	"To a Young Heir"	( ) Ben Jonson
10.	"The Anniversary"	( ) John Keats
11.	"To His Coy Mistress"	( ) Richard Lovelace
12.	"Auld Lang Syne"	( ) Andrew Marvell
13.	"Solitariness"	( ) Robert Louis Stevenson
14.	"I Died for Beauty"	( ) Sir Philip Sydney
15.	"Requiem"	( ) William Butler Yeats



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or disgust whatever at what happens to the horses. . . . The question of why the death of the horse in the bull ring *is not moving, not moving to some* people that is, is complicated; but the fundamental reason may be that the death of the horse tends to be comic while that of the bull is tragic. In the tragedy of the bullfight the horse is the comic character. This may be shocking, but it is true. . . . The comic that happens to these horses is not their death then; death is not comic, and gives a temporary dignity to the most comic characters, although this dignity passes once death has occurred; but the strange and burlesque visceral accidents which occur.

—From "Death in the Afternoon."

WE WERE SITTING in the deep leather chairs, the champagne in the ice-bucket and our glasses on the table between us.

"If you ever live to be as old as I am you will find many things strange."

"You never seem old."

"It is the body that is old. Sometimes I am afraid I will break off a finger as one breaks a stick of chalk. And the spirit is no older and not much wiser."

"You are wise."

"No, that is the great fallacy; the wisdom of old men. They do not grow wise. They grow careful."

"Perhaps that is wisdom."

"It is a very unattractive wisdom. What do you value most?"

"Some one I love."

"With me it is the same. That is not wisdom. Do you value life?"

"Yes."

"So do I. Because it is all I have. And to give birthday parties," he laughed. "You are probably wiser than I am. You do not give birthday parties."

We both drank the wine.

"What do you think of the war really?" I asked.

"I think it is stupid."

"Who will win it?"

"Italy."

"Why?"

"They are a younger nation."

"Do younger nations always win wars?"

"They are apt to for a time."

"Then what happens?"

"They become older nations."

"You said you were not wise."

"Dear boy, that is not wisdom. That is cynicism."

—From "A Farewell to Arms."

IT'S FINE NOW, he thought. It has merde, money, blood; look how that grass grows; and the iron's in the earth along with Gino's leg, both of Randolfo's legs, and my right kneecap. It's a wonderful monument. It has everything. Fertility, money, blood and iron. Sounds like a nation. Where fertility, money, blood and iron is, there is the fatherland. We need coal though. We ought to get some coal. . . .

He did not know, among other things, that the girl loved him because he had never been sad one waking morning of his life; attack or no attack. He had experienced anguish and sorrow. But he had never been sad in the morning.

They make almost none like that, and the girl, although she was a young girl, knew one when she saw one.

—From "Across the River and Into the Trees."

IT IS SILLY not to hope, he thought. Besides I believe it is a sin. Do not think about sin, he thought. There are enough problems now without sin. Also I have no understanding of it.

I have no understanding of it and I am not sure that I believe in it. Perhaps it was a sin to kill the fish. I suppose it was a sin to kill the fish. I suppose it was even though I did it to keep me alive and feed many people. But then everything is a sin. Do not think about sin. It is much too late for that and there are people who are paid to do it. Let them think about it. You were born to be a fisherman as the fish was born to be a fish. San Pedro was a fisherman as was the father of the great DiMaggio.

But he liked to think about all things that he was involved in and since there was nothing to read and he did not have a radio, he thought much and he kept on thinking about sin. You did not kill the fish only to keep alive and to sell for food, he thought. You killed him for pride and because you are a fisherman. You loved him when he was alive and you loved him after. If you love him, it is not a sin to kill him. Or is it more?

"You think too much, old man," he said aloud.

But you enjoyed killing the *dentuso*, he thought. He lives on the live fish as you do. He is not a scavenger nor just a moving appetite as some sharks are. He is beautiful and noble and knows no fear of anything.

"I killed him in self-defense," the old man said aloud. "And I killed him well."

Besides, he thought, everything kills everything else in some way. Fishing kills me exactly as it keeps me alive. The boy keeps me alive, he thought. I must not deceive myself too much.

—From "The Old Man and the Sea."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 7, 3, 12, 1, 14, 10, 4, 9, 6, 2, 5, 11, 15, 13, 8.

Editorial

Continued from page 30

at nineteen and had read little and I remember the sudden happiness and the feeling of having a permanently protecting talisman when a young British officer I met when in the hospital first wrote out for me, so that I could remember them, these lines." And he proceeded to quote the passage from "Henry IV, Part II" he had given to Wilson.

Hemingway was indeed severely, almost fatally, wounded in Italy on July 8, 1918, and the experience dominated the remainder of his life. (Jake Barnes and Frederic Henry have been similarly wounded, and there is a significant allusion to the incident in "Across the River and Into the Trees.") With the aid of Shakespeare, he conquered the fear of dying, but it was as if, from that time on, he had to test himself again and again to make sure the victory was still his. And perhaps in the end, having grown weary of forcing himself to the test, he embraced the thing itself.

Van Wyck Brooks said after Hemingway's death: "His destiny has been to symbolize an age of unparalleled violence as no other American has symbolized it." This is true up to a point, just as it is true that his popular reputation rested in part on the intransigence with which he stood for individualism in an age of conformity. But his greatness had little to do with this particular age. It depended on his singular ability to feel and express the simplest of all facts, the fact of death. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 940

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 940 will be found in the next issue.

GP LF EPAKGKHF: GP
LF OKAGCQFR CG GSF
GPE PD PRF'A HPKBF.
COLXPAF LKFXBF.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 939

For an idea ever to be fashionable is ominous, since it must afterwards be always old-fashioned.

—SANTAYANA.

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SR/RECORDINGS

JULY 29, 1961

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Igor Stravinsky and Robert Craft at a recording session in Hollywood.

"THE FLOOD," THE BOMB, AND RELIGION

Among the most anticipated productions of the 1961-62 television season is an hour-long special commissioned by CBS, with music by Igor Stravinsky and choreography by George Balanchine, to be titled "Noah and the Flood." In these comments from his forthcoming book, "Expositions and Developments," to be published by Doubleday next year, Mr. Stravinsky presents some views on the musical aspects of it. As in previous books, his questioner is Robert Craft, conductor and associate of Mr. Stravinsky.

IGOR STRAVINSKY to ROBERT CRAFT

QUESTION: To what extent do you visualize the staging of a theatrical work as you compose the music? For example, though you have completed only the prologue of "The Flood," do you already entertain concrete ideas about its theatrical realization?

ANSWER: My first idea for "The Flood"—that the celestials should sing while the terrestrials should merely talk—was a theatrical conception. My next preliminary notion was that "The Flood" should be a dance piece in character, a story told by dance as well as by narration. And, in fact, I have followed this idea: even the "Te Deum" is a dance piece, a fast-tempo dance chorale. The first difficulty I experienced was in trying to imagine the musical characterization of God—until I forgot about "profundities" and became a theatre composer doing a theatre job. Then I saw that God must always sing in the same manner, in the same tempo, and be accompanied by the same instruments (the bass drum, and the lower strings). Still another preliminary idea was that flashes of lightning should be seen throughout the play, each flash signifying something new and different. I don't know what will come of that idea, but I think the lightning idea must have occurred to me at the same time as my plan of musical cadences. The latter are particularly strong in this music; I felt the need for very definite musical punctuation marks. (The listener must have a sure sense of location—topographical location—in this music.) The notion that God should be sung by two basses, and Satan by a high, slightly pederastic tenor (at any rate, Satan is sexually less "sure" than God) came to me somewhat later. Satan walks on a carpet of complex and sophisticated music, incidentally—unlike God—and his vanities are expressed, to a certain extent, by syncopation. The music that accompanies the avowal of his ambitions is also, you will notice, the music that accompanies his fall. And Satan returns at the end of the play. He, too, is eternal, and this final appearance must seem inevitable, and not merely for the sake of an epilogue round-up.

My "Representation of Chaos" is not so different from Haydn's. But what does "chaos" mean? "Things without forms"? "The negation of reality"? This is phraseomania—and suggests something beyond the limits of my poor

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imagination. How, please, does one represent chaos in music? I took certain elements, intervals, and chords made up of fourths. My "material of Chaos" is limited, however, and I couldn't make my Chaos last very long. At the beginning of the "Te Deum"—a piece that sounds "Byzantine" (to me) and that, to some extent, but purely by coincidence, suggests a well-known five-tone Byzantine chant—I begin my serial construction. (Thus "chaos" may also be thought of as the antithesis of "serial.")

When I began to think of Noah, I saw him as a kind of supervisor—a building contractor. He—and God in him—directs the construction of the ark. His instructions are executed by his sons and their wives; the ark was not built by a nation or community, after all, but by a single family. (Do I sound like the advertisement, "The family that prays together stays together"?) The audience should not see the ark, of course, or the building materials, or, indeed, any object whatsoever. The audience sees only the builders (dancers) who carry invisible boards and beams and who hammer nonexistent nails. I have already visualized some of the dancers' movements—the men pulling over their shoulders on imaginary ropes, the women bending, tugging, dragging.

I decided very early in the composition that the only performers were to be eight dancers who would represent, alternately, a group of angels and the Noah family. The angels should be costumed to show their faces and their three tiers of folded wings (the Seraphim). The angels should bend, turn, sway to right and left, but never leave their places—certainly never run, jump, fly, or spread their wings. They must have sex, too, whatever theology may say: four men and four women. One does not see specific sexual characteristics, of course, but only differences of height; this is for choreographic reasons.

Neither God nor Satan appears. The audience hears about them, and their story is old and familiar. Noah does appear. I do not yet see how to costume him, except that I am sure he should have a beard (perhaps a terraced, Assyrian beard) and that he should not look like Raymond Duncan. For me, the Bible, like all myths, exceeds any limitation of period in a visual sense. (This is why I still have so few ideas for "The Flood" in its scenic form.) Perhaps I will choose something "realistic" and "representational"; water is a real thing, after all, and so are earth, light, darkness, the animals. But "realism" is also a matter of style. I have so far had only one idea for Noah's conversation with God. According to it, the audience sees Noah's back and, by his movements to right and left, his bearded silhouette. Never in this scene, however, do we see his face. Noah's regard is heavenwards, of course. God is heard, but he remains invisible. (Remember that I am planning the preliminaries of a theatre piece, and speaking purely in theatrical terms.) But the decors of "The Flood" are a real problem—decors are, to me, always the worst problem—and perhaps I am wrong in looking for decorative equivalents to the style of the music, the text, and the dance.

The narrator should be able to impersonate. I thought at first that several voices might be used, but a mass of disembodied voices is confusing. The text? Well, some of it is merely good, but much of it is marvelous: "A skillful beast" . . . "After my shape and likeness." The word "shape" has greater specific gravity than the word "form," and "likeness" is far less ponderous than "image" (how poor in comparison is the French *resemblance*); "likeness" is zoological. "A skillful beast," too, is the most straightforward account of us I have ever found. Compare it to Pico della Mirandola's existentialist description from almost the same date:

> To thee, O Adam, we have given no certain habitation nor countenance of thine own, neither any peculiar office, so that what habitation or countenance or office soever thou dost choose for thyself, the same thou shalt enjoy and possess at thine own proper will and election. We have made thee neither a thing celestial nor a thing terrestrial, neither mortal nor immortal, so that being thine own fashioner and artificer of thyself, thou may make thyself after what likeness thou dost most affect.

—*New York City Ballet*

Stravinsky illustrates a choreographic point as George Balanchine looks on.

Why did I call my work "The Flood," instead of "Noah"? Because Noah is mere history. As a genuine antediluvian, he is a great curiosity, of course, but a side-show curiosity. And even as "eternal man", the second Adam, the—to Augustinians—Old Testament Christ image, he is less important than the Eternal Catastrophe. "The Flood" is also "The Bomb."[1]

* * *

QUESTION: Would you discuss the role of religion in your life and music? Why, for example, have you written a Roman Catholic Mass when you are yourself a member of the Russian Orthodox Church? What was the religious background of your family, what was the religious training of your childhood, and what have been the later "varieties of your religious experience"?

ANSWER: I do not think my parents were believers. They were not practicing churchgoers, in any case, and judging from the absence of relevant discussion at home they could not have entertained strong religious feelings. Their attitude must have been more indifference than opposition, however, for the least hint of impiety horrified them. I remember someone giving my father a copy of Pushkin's blasphemous poem about the Annunciation and my father consigning it, with equally blasphemous imprecations, to the fireplace. My parents were to some extent anticlerical, it is true, but that was no more than a badge of their class at the time and one having little to do with religion. (I will add, though, that in their case it had even less to do with the new tide of liberalism. My parents were never liberals in any sense of the word.)

I was baptized by a prelate of the Russian Orthodox Church in Oranienbaum a few hours after my birth, which occurred at noon. My parents summoned a religious to say prayers for me, to sprinkle me with consecrated

[1]The above *en passant* remarks date from the first stages of work on "The Flood." I allow them to stand as they are only because they might give a peep into the preliminary machinations of an old theatre composer's garrulous mind.

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waters, and to draw a cross on my forehead in annointed oil (this was also done on Ash Wednesday); according to custom in the Russian Church, frail babies were sometimes baptized summarily, in this fashion. (The fact of my frailty, thus established in my first hour, was insisted upon throughout my youth, until it became a way of thinking about myself; and even now, as a healthy octogenarian leading an active and strenuous life, I sometimes remind myself that, in fact, I am much too frail and had better stop.) I was more ceremoniously joined to the Russian Church on June 29 (Old Style), in the Nikolsky Cathedral in St. Petersburg. Carried there in a bureau drawer—I did not yet have a cradle—I was stripped, covered by a chrism, like a peasant woman at her wedding, and, while the priest held my nose and mouth with one hand, immersed. These sacramental ablutions frightened me, however, and produced an intestinal reaction—an omen, as it happened, for a complaint that has been lifelong.

Despite parental attitudes, the fasts and feasts of the church calendar were strictly observed in our household, and I was required to attend holy services and to read the Bible. The church of my parents' choice was the chapel of a military school located not far from our house. I repaired there for all regular devotions, and to the Kazansky Cathedral for important holidays. In all my years of obeisance, however, I remember only a single experience I would call religious. One day in my eleventh or twelfth year, while waiting my turn before the confessional screen,[2] I began to fumble impatiently with my belt buckle; I was wearing my school uniform, the black boots and black caftan with the silver buckle initialed "S.P.2.G."—"St. Petersburg Second Gymnasium." Suddenly the priest came from behind the screen, took my arms, and pushed them to my sides. His action was not reproving, however, and, indeed, he was so gentle and full of grace that I was for a moment overcome with a sense of what Henry Vaughan called the "deep, but dazzling darkness" (of God). (Why has this one instant survived, and complete in its frame—the hour of the day, the light in the room, the hushed sound of the confessor, the sudden, extraordinary awareness of myself, of a self that now seems to have been other than me, but that through love, and self-willing, and a million interactions of spirit and substance has become me?)

I was profoundly moved, too, by one observance of the Church year, the Epiphany ceremony during which a cross was baptized in the Neva by Czar Alexander III. Unlike most official Church holidays, which had degenerated into a kind of national bank holiday, the Epiphany was an occasion of real solemnity. In this season the river was a road of ice,[3] but a hole was cut, and through it the Czar fished a large silver cross on a large silver chain. Prayers were said, and all present knelt in the snow or on the ice. This spectacle was so impressive that I think even the most agnostic spectator must have been moved. The Czar and his officers in their gray uniforms and fur caps—the Czar's cap had a red band with a gold cross on it—the metropolitan, the archimandrites and attendant sacerdotes, and the crowds of people, all were strikingly colorful, in contrast to the winter sky and the white surface of the river. The whole scene is as vivid to me now as it was then.

At fourteen or fifteen I began to criticize and rebel against the Church however, and before leaving the gymnasium I had abandoned it completely—a rupture that was left unrepaired for almost three decades. I cannot now evaluate the events that, at the end of those thirty years, made me discover the necessity of religious belief. I was not reasoned into my disposition. Though I admire the structured thought of theology (Anselm's proof in the "fides quaerens intellectum," for instance) it is to religion no more than counterpoint exercises are to music. I do not believe in bridges of reason or, indeed, in any form of extrapolation in religious matters; the impossibility of inferring "absolutes" from "experience" is a question I consider Kant to have settled long ago. I can say, however, that for some years before my actual "conversion," a mood of acceptance had been cultivated in me by a reading of the Gospels and by other religious literature.[4] When I moved from Biarritz to Nice, a certain Father Nicolas, of the Russian Church, came into my life—and even into my home; he was practically a member of our household during a period of five years. But intellectual and priestly influences were less important to me than events I decline to discuss. Incidentally, Diaghilev's last letter to me[5] should be read with my new-found religiosity in mind; before taking Communion I had written him, telling him of my intention to re-enter the Church.

Jacques Maritain may have exercised an influence on me at this time, though not directly, and, certainly, he had no role in my "conversion"; until just before the latter event I knew him only through his books; we became personal friends in 1929, at the time of

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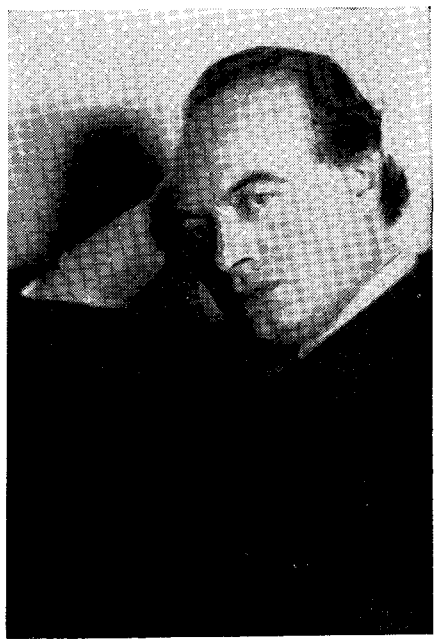
Maritain—"to be with him was to learn."



Werfel — "a person of acute musical judgment."

[2] The rite of the confirmation does not exist in the Orthodox Church, which means that Communion may be administered to the youngest and least reasonable of infants. I remember the taste of the tiny pellets of *prosshora*—Communion bread soaked in sweet Greek wine—that the officiating priests spooned into my mouth; they meant no more to me, at least during my mewling and puking stage, than pieces of candy.

[3] To ice-skate on the Neva was one of the greatest pleasures of my childhood, but to sleigh ride across the frozen river in the tow of Finnish peasants who came to St. Petersburg to earn a few winter kopecks this way was an even greater joy. The ice was several feet thick—a fact that will help you to imagine the crash it made in the first hour of the spring thaw. The noise then was so great we could hardly talk, and, as I have already said, the thaw was for me the most wonderful and exciting day of the year.

[4] The possibility—or validity—of an ontological approach is shown by Max Scheler in "Vom Ewigen im Menschen," a phenomenological argument that nevertheless allows for the existence of a personal God, as well as for an *ens a se*.

[5] *In Memories and Commentaries.*

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Accompaniments for Arias

By WINIFRED CECIL

NOT THE least difficulty for the performing musician is his accompaniment. There is a school of thought that argues that the accompanist who makes the grade should have billing equal to that of the so-called soloist. In the opera house it is a commonplace that performances—and their stars—depend (literally *hang*) on the dynamic stimulation of the conductor. The concert stage offers plenty of examples of the mutuality that makes great music. Who can think of teamwork without thinking of the unity achieved by Carl Lamson and Fritz Kreisler? Or Povla Frijsh and Celius Dougherty, who almost uniquely molded music into a single outpouring of song? One of the most memorable evenings I ever experienced in the concert hall was a performance of violin and piano sonatas by Isaac Stern and Dame Myra Hess, an unforgettable result of mutual purpose, infinite care, and years of rigorous discipline, which each put selflessly at the disposal of the other. Every sound was cut and polished like a priceless jewel, and fitted into its exact setting. Nothing mass-produced.

Because the need is so great, we are betrayed by the routine and the meaningless, which not only fail to carry us forward—we won't mention "upward"—but so often lead us only to a dead end. The betrayal is doubly unhappy, because it isn't only the music, or the momentary creation, that suffers. The inadequate warps the music maker as well. Thus it seems to me that in our revolutionary, and even shattering, society, where artistic integrity is so hard to maintain, the purveyors of music have an inescapable obligation to offer the market only the best—be it aids, guides, new editions, performances, counsel, "lessons," or what have you. Otherwise, the devastation that we ought to fight is only compounded and advanced.

Hopes have been raised by the publication of a series of recordings—eight records!—of orchestral accompaniments, performed by the London Philharmonic Orchestra under the baton of Edward Downes (available from Miller International Co., Box 45, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania, $6 each), who is described on the jackets as "the youngest principal resident conductor of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden." (No connection with the distinguished American musicologist and quiz master for the Metropolitan Opera's Saturday afternoon broadcasts. "Our" Mr. Downes tells me that he is not related to his London namesake and has had no contact with him except through the exchange abroad of misdirected mail.)

The sixteen sides include accompaniments for practically *all* of the more familiar operatic arias for *all* voices, through the entire scale, from coloratura soprano to deep bass (including lyric, dramatic, and mezzo soprano, lyric and dramatic tenor, and baritone), a whole library of seventy-two arias. Since the jackets expressly forbid public performance for profit, we may assume that the discs were made to provide accompaniments for singers who cannot readily "command" an orchestra for practice. (How many can?) I suppose the intention—and it is commendable—was to enable advanced students to try out their voices against operatic accompaniments as written, and to bring theatrical atmosphere within reach of those who find the piano insufficient.

This explanation, however, exposes the basic fault in the recordings. If the singer is sufficiently advanced to merit an orchestra behind him, may we not—indeed, should we not—assume that he has developed some individuality of his own? And doesn't individuality imply a degree of flexibility? Respect for the rules, by all means, and accuracy down to the last double-dotted note in the score; but also a readiness to invest oneself with the best elements of tradition, which so often breaks all the rules. If the accompaniment doesn't promote this lively growth, what does it accomplish?

This almost too comprehensive collection gives the impression that only time, in the sense of *measure*, is important. Except for a distressing tendency to translate diminuendos into ritards, the conductor continues his initial beat without much variation through depths and peaks of emotion straight to the end. Intervening passion, death, ecstasy, despair, and mayhem notwithstanding, the notes goose-step regularly—one, two, three, four; one, two, three, four, without inflection—smack up to the last double bar. Individuality, therefore, is an immediate casualty. This is sad, because it is bound to convey a wrong impression of the orchestra to the novice. The orchestra is not a machine. Moreover, I suspect that even the weariest conductor wants to hear what a singer has to say for himself, at least once. He might not give in on every nervous breath but, unless he is condemned by routine, he would give in on some. Who knows what he is going to hear the first time; or what, with development, he might hear? After all, another Flagstad or a Pinza may walk unheralded on the stage.

The accompaniments sound as if they were geared rigidly to a conductor's notion, with disturbingly few signs of respect for, or knowledge of, the singer's vocal and emotional problems. The authority of a Toscanini setting the tempo for Verdi, however unyielding it might appear, would inspire the most experienced singer to comply. (Happy anybody who could learn his operas in such a school!) Unfortunately, there is none of that intensely vibrant quality here which, right or wrong, compels attention because of an exciting idea driving through. If the conductor chose the impersonal course in order to make the accompaniments universally acceptable, to fit any and all needs, he achieved the inevitable result of those who try to please everybody. What we hear is essentially nondescript and characterless.

Take, for example, the tenor aria from "Carmen." Can anybody possibly convince José, or the listener, that he is a vital part of the drama when the color is washed out, and the passion and the great bold strokes eliminated? As I listened to one side after another, sang along with those arias in my voice, and heard other singers try to follow the accompaniments for arias in theirs, with the same sense of irritation, I was reminded again and again of the chain of cut-out ducks one sees in amusement park shooting galleries, round and round, in an endless succession, silhouettes without substance and, of course, without meaning, except for idle pot-shotting by passers-by.

From a singer's point of view, one of the most culpable sins in the catalogue is delay in approach to a climax. As practitioners of both arts know, singers and horseback riders have one essential impulse in common: when they come to a hurdle, they don't rein in; they summon all available energy and excitement—of horse and rider, of singer and accompanist—and sail ahead. Hesitancy, whether from intention or

(*Continued on page* 54)

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"Cardillac" and "Cellini" in Holland

AMSTERDAM.

THIS YEAR's Holland Festival has been dominated not by earth-shattering productions or by famous casts, but by solid novelty. Hindemith's "Cardillac" and Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini" have offered special attractions for the musical tourist satiated by an overdose of the regular festival-circuit diet.

"Cardillac" was done by the enterprising Wuppertal Opera, a relatively small German company that manages to replace segregated stardom with integrated ensemble. Hindemith's opera, which may stand beside Stravinsky's "Oedipus Rex" and Berg's "Wozzeck" as a classic of modern literature, has had a curious history. Following its Dresden premiere in 1926, it attracted both attention and respect from Europe's avant-garde, led by Klemperer and Fritz Busch. Branded by the Nazis as "entartete Musik" in 1933, however, it soon disappeared from German stages, and—strangely enough—proved weak in export value. In 1952 Hindemith revised the work, bowing more to standard operatic convention and at the same time lessening the bite, directness, and individuality of the original. A handful of German houses have staged "Cardillac" No. 2 recently, but it was the seldom-heard "Cardillac" No. 1 that was brought to Amsterdam.

The libretto by Ferdinand Lion is based rather loosely on an E. T. A. Hoffman story concerning—as could be predicted—the duality of the artist's personality. The goldsmith Cardillac simultaneously embodies good (creativity) and evil (the unwillingness to part with his creations, for they are an extension of himself). He is so bound to the incomparable beauty he produces that he is driven to murder any would-be customers.

Musically and dramatically, the work reflects a remarkable mixture of styles. The expressionism of the Twenties marks the plot, but the protagonist and his fate (Cardillac is eventually killed by the angry mob that cannot understand him) are treated as symbols. By using only strict classical structures in his score, Hindemith supposedly hoped to escape romantic subjectivity. But although the musical outlines have superb clarity, and although facile fugal writing emerges constantly, the end result is emotional and essentially romantic. Hindemith uses dissonance within a conservative harmonic framework very carefully; he allows the tonal fabric to thicken as theatrical intensity rises, only to thin out in ensembles thereafter. Such factors underscore a subtle but uncanny theatrical temperament.

Most of "Cardillac's" values were effectively transmitted by the modest Wuppertal production. Director Georg Reinhardt managed the crowd scenes in a remarkably gripping stylized manner; there were effectively stark Bayreuthish sets by Heinrich Wendel, and the all-important orchestra was kept under sensitive control by the underrated Hans Georg Ratjen. Except for an engaging lyric soprano named Siff Petersen, the singers ranged from just passable to competent. But they played and sang to each other—not *at* each other—and remembered that Hindemith's voices represent just one line in a multilinear scheme.

"Benvenuto Cellini" is one of those operas given more attention by historians than by impresarios. The infrequency of performances (France has seen only ten since the 1838 premiere!) is explained in part by the sprawling libretto and the fantastically demanding vocal and instrumental requirements.

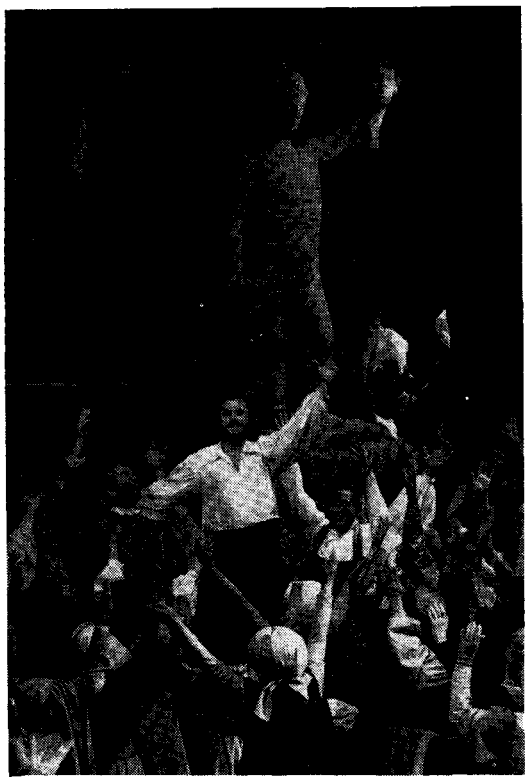
The Netherlands Opera found a splendid guest protagonist in Nicolai Gedda, who had no trouble with the extraordinarily high tessitura, and whose lyric voice took on a heroic ring in the small Stadsschouwburg (Municipal Theatre). Its good intentions were negated somewhat, however, by a weak supporting cast, unimaginative staging, and limited physical resources. The decision to import the directing team from arch-conservative Paris was, perhaps, unwise from the start. Georges Prêtre whipped the second-rate orchestra into a small frenzy, but lost finesse on the way. Marcel Lamy did no more than teach the large cast a generous assortment of cliché poses, Jean-Jacques Etchevery made a boring sit-up-exercise ballet of the Roman Carnival Overture (used to introduce Act Two, as Berlioz intended), and François Ganeau's fussy sets suggested 1900 in style. Although the marvelous score shone through in spite of its treatment, it might have shone brighter. "Benvenuto Cellini" should be more than a concert in costume.

"Le Nozze di Figaro," the festival's only nod to the star system, proved more impressive on paper than in reality. Graziella Sciutti was a Susanna of great personal charm, one practically unique in her ability to avoid soubrette mannerisms. Despite the none too convincingly disguised fact of her seventh-month pregnancy, Teresa Berganza offered a Cherubino of style and frightening energy. Hermann Prey's Count boasted suave vocalism grafted on to a one-dimensional characterization, while Claire Watson's rather inflexible Countess suffered further from an indisposition. Giuseppe Taddei's baritone Figaro had too much weight and too little wit.

THE very Spanish, overly modern sets and costumes of Antoni Clave were borrowed from Aix-en-Provence. Carlo Maria Giulini conducted neatly, exercised some unorthodox tempi (mostly slow), and got rather strident support from the Hague Residence Orchestra.

The finest orchestral playing of the week's visit occurred at a Concertgebouw program under Bernard Haitink, rather dutifully dedicated to a survey of native music from 1891 to 1959. Most of it was craftsmanlike, dull, and reminiscent of either Mahler (Diepenbrock's Kyrie and Gloria), Ravel-Gershwin (Pijper's Piano Concerto), or Strauss (three lieder by Van Gilse). Most distinguished was a conservative but appealing set of serial variations by Kees van Baaren. It succeeded in escaping academic confines.

—MARTIN BERNHEIMER.



Holland Festival—Nicolai Gedda as Cellini.

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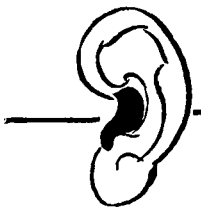

EARMARKS

Newport's Stepchildren

SINCE the Newport Festivals (both jazz and folk) did establish that there is a sizable, floating summer audience in this country that can and will respond to outdoor gatherings for music, this might be the moment to open an inquiry, based on the evidence supplied by recordings, to see what might be salvaged from the rise and fall of Newport. We'll stick to folk music for now.

Five LPs of varied content have come to us from last year's Folk Festival, with two overlapping for some items to 1959. The records are: "The Newport Folk Festival—Recorded on Location June 24/26, 1960," Volumes 1 and 2 (Vanguard Stereo 2087/8, $5.95 each); "Newport Folk Festival, 1960" (Elektra EKL 189, $4.98); "The Folk Music of the Newport Folk Festival, 1959-1960," Volumes 1 and 2 (Folkways FA 2431/2, $5.95 each).

The first thing that hits a critical examiner of these recordings is the absolutely scatter-shot presentation of an unorganized mass of different musics deriving in different ways from different peoples, and sung differently by many different kinds of performers. To illustrate: Pete Seeger started things off by singing with vigor the Scotch-American walkaway shanty, "Hieland Laddie"; John Lee Hooker dramatized the Southern (U.S., Mississippi) blues with "Backwater Blues"; Tommy Makem blew lustily on pipes from Ireland the brawny melody of "Brian Boru"; Alan Mills of French Canada, accompanied by a devil's advocate of a fiddler, Jean Carignan, sang warmly the brisk dance-tune, "Ah! si mon moine voulait danser!"; The Oranim-Zabar Troupe from Israel did a comic bit, "Bukhara," that smacked of music hall; the Lester Flatt, Earl Scruggs group from bluegrass (U.S.) country fiddled, banjoed and mandolined its way through a danceable "Salty Dog Blues"; Theodore Bikel of the U.S. sang "Mi Caballo," a sentimental and soft melody from South America. There were three days of this; and if nothing else was proved, it might be established that at least one American audience displayed a nearly insatiable appetite for music of all cultures. This comes as no surprise in a country of citizens who derive, and still proudly, from all the above-named sources and from still more not represented.

More divergent, to this inquirer at least, were the styles of the many performers. To name a few: John Lee Hooker gave us concert blues stemming from authentic American source material. His carefully manipulated "fades" at the conclusion of each selection were not, however, from this source, although they proved effective at Newport. The jiggly, rock-and-roll-oriented trio composed of Bob Gibson, Dick Rosmini, and Herb Brown, with added vocalist Bob Camp, sounded more like a sister act for a two-a-day than anything specifically to be identified with folk music. Their slicked-up evangelical songs ("This Little Light of Mine," "You Can Tell the World") were perhaps better suited to a latter-day gospel tent or a TV variety show than to anything of serious intent that transpired at Newport. The late Cisco Houston was distinguished for his rough-and-real handlings of railroad, hobo, and cowboy songs; his "Railroad Bill" sounded a long way from home at Newport. Ewan MacColl is a skilful, thoughtful, and moving interpreter of genuine English and Scotch folk song; his magnificent, unaccompanied rendition of "Lang A-Growing" put to shame the prettied-up parlor-game style of Theodore Bikel, whose talent at folk song must be exceeded by his talent as actor. There were also a number of performers who fell into that nondescript and to us detestable category that is best brought to mind by the introductory phrase "equally at home with any kind of song."

—David Gahr.

"—nearly insatiable appetite for music of all cultures."

It would be hard to prove any worthwhile intent from the kind of programming that ran rampant and flagrant at both Newport Folk Festivals and that makes for jumpy listening even on records. Probably the principal excuse swallowed by all—performers and audience alike—was that all this was for-the-good-of-the-show; that the middle-of-the-roaders carried the specially talented but not especially popular singers like MacColl; that you can't have performers of the caliber of Tommy Makem and Alan Mills and Cisco Houston unless you ring in a bit of evangelism from the top ten. This would be easy to swallow if the Festival hadn't labeled itself a "nonprofit" venture, and carried that cross visibly through its two years of relatively successful operation. This inquirer is more inclined to agree with Alan Lomax, who stated bluntly at Newport in 1959: "Newport is a publicity-promotion stunt."

This brings us to a trend that had already become manifest in the two years of festivals: some of the noted performers of the first year did not come back for the second. Among these were John Jacob Niles, Jean Ritchie, Odetta, Joan Baez, Cynthia Gooding, and Sonny Terry.

What could be done about this? First, if a festival needs for survival everyone but Harry Belafonte (conspicuously absent both years), then let's have one of these survival-festivals at intervals necessary for survival. They can pay their way, and no one will be sadder for that. But along with this, there could be modifications of methods of presentation that might be constructive. We have in mind a site provided with a large arena, but including also a system of outlying tents, sheds, or grottoes that would accommodate a series of brief concerts given over to performances by one person, or by small, homogeneous groups. One advantage to such presentations would be that festival-goers could pick and choose according to preference; certainly those who came to Newport in 1960 to hear Ewan MacColl would have been grateful to have heard more of him in more appropriate surroundings. And those who came to hear the Kingston Trio (1959) and the Bob-Camp-Gibson combo (1960) could hear more of their kind of music, too, and in a large arena adapted to big-show spectaculars. The "*pan-et-circ*"

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atmosphere of Newport (enormous ball ground, elephantine PA system, commodious cement-and-sward) was favorable to the loud, flashy performers. It was quite difficult and unfair to artists whose projections were more subtle. Parenthetically, all those who dropped out post-1959 come into this category.

Where? Let the Chambers of Commerce come up with suggestions; no favoritism here. But I would suggest the following as requisite facilities: adequate traffic arteries; adequate accommodations (and no segregation); good food and drink available at non-expense-account-prices; good acoustics in performance areas.

Second: another suggestion that comes to mind is that folk festivals need not be confined to the Northeast

(the intertwined and interrelated commercialism and puritanism of a run-down seaport-resort, with its caste conflicts and Victorian grotesqueries, was certainly not the Northeast at its best); some of the talent coming to Newport came from as far away as Kentucky, California and Louisiana. Smaller, regional concerts could go far to develop understanding and appreciation of the folk music of a given region, available in that region. Less pretentious concerts run with more praiseworthy objectives could also supply a testing ground and performance area for ambitious, younger performers. All this would be "uncommercial."

So are the summer performances of some of our better symphonies and theatre companies. Many of these have asked for, and got, support from foundations and civic-minded organizations. Is there any reason why folk music and folk song should be stepchildren? Both present challenge and stimulus as lively to the mind and ear as any other cultural activity going. Nor is there any evidence that Americans won't respond to an intelligent program. For all its shortcomings and lack of subtleties, Newport has at least demonstrated that there is a strong desire on the part of many to hear more and know more of folk music.

—Frederic Ramsey, Jr.

Opera from Hungary

WHEN Hector Berlioz visited Budapest in 1846, he was surprised to find that the Hungarian language lent itself perfectly to musical treatment. "Indeed," he wrote after witnessing a performance of "Hunyadi László," an opera by the little known Ferenc Erkel, "in my opinion it is much less hard than German." Fifteen years later the same Erkel produced the dramatic masterpiece that proved to his enthusiastic compatriots that Hungarian opera had truly come of age. The work in question, "Bánk-Bán," has been a repertory piece in Hungary ever since, equal in national significance to Moniuszko's "Halka" in Poland or Smetana's "Bartered Bride" in Czechoslovakia. But elsewhere it has remained virtually unknown, as has indeed the name of its gifted composer. An outstanding recording made five years ago by the soloists, orchestra, and chorus of the Budapest State Opera has finally reached these shores (Qualiton HLPX 150-152, $17.98), delayed no doubt by recent unpleasant political occurrences. If so, history simply repeated itself. For, though completed by 1852, "Bánk-Bán" was not heard publicly before 1861 when liberal forces obtained a temporary relaxation of the political strictures that throttled the Hungarian theatre throughout much of the nineteenth century.

The libretto is based on events that took place in thirteenth century Hungary and had been dramatized previously by the Hungarian playwright József Katona, as well as the Austrian Franz Grillparzer. According to the story, Bánk-Bán, King Andreas II's loyal follower, travels the land to hear the complaints of the people moaning under the hardships imposed upon them by Queen Gertrud, who rules in the absence of her warring husband. Gertrud, in revenge, encourages the designs of her brother, Prince Otto, on Melinda, Bán's sensitive and virtuous wife. Aided by an Iago-like figure, the knight Biberach, the prince succeeds in overcoming Melinda. After a violent argument Bánk slays the queen, avenging at the same time the suffering masses. The demented Melinda commits suicide, a victim of the moral degeneration of a dark age.

No doubt Erkel, a fervent nationalist, chose this tale of ruthless princes and wronged subjects because of its apparent parallels with the political and social problems of nineteenth century Hungary, engaged in a desperate struggle for national and personal freedom. But the subject was also pregnant with genuine dramatic possibilities that any true operatic talent would have been eager to exploit. Following his theatrical rather than his political instincts, Erkel concentrated on the element of individual passion, referring to the social issues only obliquely. The result is a vibrant score reminiscent, in its occasional unadulterated melodrama, of early Verdi. Yet, if Bellini, Verdi, and certainly Meyerbeer left their unmistakable traces, the melodic invention remained on the whole unaffected by foreign developments. Melinda's aria in the first scene of Act II is conventional in that the completely distraught woman asks her husband's forgiveness for a deed she did not consciously commit. Musically, however, the soprano's anxious pleading for her child, accompanied by a solo violin improvising in gypsy fashion, a harp imitating the popular cymbalon, and the antiquated viola d'amore adding its plaintive voice, is completely original in conception and execution. Similarly, Melinda's mad scene in Act III follows Italian usage. Coloristically and harmonically, the final crowd scene has unmistakable pre-Mussorgskian overtones.

The recorded version retains much of the score's original continuity although the river scene at the beginning of Act III has been recomposed by a twentieth century musician, Jenö Kenessey. A first-rate cast headed by the brilliant soprano Júlia Osváth as Melinda, and the forceful, if occasionally straining tenor, József Joviczky in the title role, sings with fire and conviction. Vilmos Komor conducts with the fervor of a devotee. Since the overall sound and the pressings leave little to be desired, our satisfaction with this operatic gem would have been complete, had it not been for the inexplicable lack of an English libretto. The accompanying trilingual booklet gives an English synopsis, but the complete text is offered exclusively in Hungarian, "a wonderful language," as Berlioz observed, "but one which no one understands . . . unless they learn it."

—Alexander L. Ringer.

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Recordings in Review

"Duophonic" Haydn

HAYDN: *Symphonies Nos. 93, 94, 95, 96, 97 and 98. Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.* Capitol DGCR 7127, $16.59.

Far from improving the status of these recordings vis-à-vis stereo, Capitol's "duophonic" techniques merely make noncompatible what was previously suitable for *either* stereo or monophonic: its original monophonic versions of these performances, in the single channel as originally recorded. Capitol has phrased its claims for these adaptations somewhat more conservatively than RCA Victor did with its Toscanini recordings, but the order of quality in the results is no more gratifying.

What has been accomplished is to make the sound louder, to give it somewhat more presence. But the clearly defined, well-articulated detail of the monophonic becomes blurry and disembodied here, as the added resonance (by echo chamber, delay circuit, or whatever) substitutes quite a different acoustical frame for that to be heard in the first form (GCR 7127).

As a matter of fact, if the latter is used on the same stereo instrument, with a slight increase of output, the sound is not merely as good, but better. Thus it would seem that the purpose here is not so much to upgrade an inferior original as to create a version marked "for stereo phonographs only" for those too gullible or unintelligent to realize that any monophonic disc will sound better on a stereo unit, including these.

Menuhin, East and West

"CLASSICAL INDIAN MUSIC." *K. S. Narayanaswami (veena), Narayana Menon (veena) and Palghat Raghu (mridangam), with commentary by Yehudi Menuhin.* London CS 6213, $5.98.

BEETHOVEN: *Sonatas No. 5 (in F, "Spring") and No. 9 (in A, "Kreutzer"). Yehudi Menuhin, violin, with Hephzibah Menuhin, piano.* Capitol SG 7246, $5.98.

Pursuant to the views expressed as long ago as January, 1953, in these pages, Menuhin's interest in and esteem for the music of India has led him even further into the subject than a previous collection of music on Angel 35283. On that disc he manifested his typical mental alertness and flair for articulation in a general spoken introduction; here he is heard four times, as preface to each of the bands.

The Menuhins — "strong-minded in the same way."

This is all very well, and the listener gains a stronger sense of contact and understanding thereby. But even knowing the layout of the Raga that underlies each piece and the number of beats in the tala (as itemized and demonstrated under Menuhin's supervision), the refinements and subtleties of the pieces remain elusive. What perhaps would help on a subsequent occasion would be a single work broken down into its components, with a phase-by-phase exposition of the extent to which one player's conception might differ from another, how they fit together, and what range of digression may be encountered from one performance to another.

In a printed commentary on the sleeve, Menuhin speaks of his interest in the Asian Music Circle in London, and summarizes by saying: "I for one feel that by refining our ear and our sense of perception, by listening to music so utterly strange, as the music on this record, we return to the works we know and love belonging to our own traditions with a refreshed interest and a capacity to react more sensitively and more intensely."

I should have hesitated to assume as much from the concurrent appearance of the two Beethoven sonatas, but they could stand as object lessons in the meaning of that statement. Both represent his art at its most distinctive; which is to say, in a condition full worthy of the great works with which he and his sister are concerned. By contrast with the version once circulated as RCA Victor M 260, this "Kreutzer" finds his effort as strong as hers, each a mirror image of the other. Indeed, it is a rarity among all recordings of this sizable work in matching two performers who are not only equally strong-minded, but strong-minded in the same way. The more intimate scale of the F major is justly represented in the artful playing of that work, especially in the quiet flow of the adagio, which emerges as a precursor—unconscious, no doubt—of the "Scene at the Brook" in the "Pastorale."

Rauch of Prague

BEETHOVEN: *Concerto No. 5 in E flat, Opus 73. Frantisek Rauch, piano, with the Czech Philharmonic conducted by Karel Sejna.* Parliament PLP 147, $1.98.

Of the twenty-one pianists listed as performers of the "Emperor" concerto in the Schwann catalogue, the name of Frantisek Rauch is the least familiar. But this is a performance that belongs in the upper bracket of those now available, and Rauch is clearly a performer of whom more should be known. Unfortunately, the producers of Parliament records appear to be as much in the dark about him as anyone else: in full compliance with Proviso No. 1 of the Sleeve Writer's Guild, Herbert Glass's notes are full of information about the thrice-familiar work, barren of so much as a word about the unfamiliar artist.

Indeed, I would have no idea even whether "Frantisek" was a he or she had not Volume VII of the current (fifth) edition of "Grove's Dictionary" thoughtfully anticipated the needed information. Rauch is fifty-one, and he has been concertizing since 1933. Even before this he was teaching at the Prague Conservatory, and since 1946 he has been a professor at the Academy of Musical Arts. He is also a composer.

As the performance suggested a pianist-musician of more than casual attainments, so the biographical data affirms the thought content and maturity of the performer. This is not an "Emperor" of the mailed fist (with or without velvet glove), Schnabel-Fischer-Kempff disposition, but something lighter, more volatile, pianistically pearly. The pace, on the whole, is brisker, less ponderous than most contemporaries favor, but it is all consistently conceived as an entity with Sejna,

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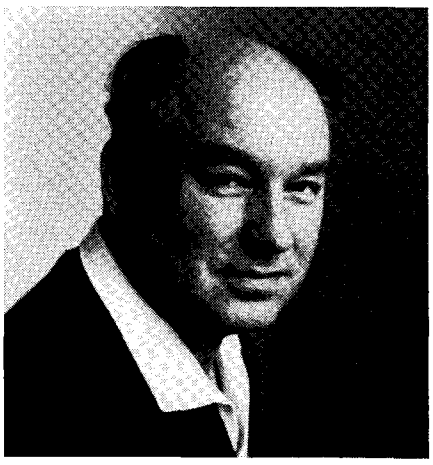
whose fine orchestra is an integral part of the total effect. And despite the moderate price (there is no stereo equivalent) the recording is as good as the English or German average, meaning better than a good many other things from Czechoslovakia at substantially higher prices.

Stereo a La Russe

TCHAIKOVSKY: *"The Nutcracker" (Complete Ballet.) Gennady Rozhdestvensky conducting the Bolshoi Theatre Orchestra.* Artia ALP (S) 180/1, $11.98.

It was not long ago (June 29, 1961) that RECORDINGS cast a backward glance over "Three Years of Stereo," and found that techniques had become standardized in most parts of the world. That might have been extended to include the USSR, whose first production of the sort was a Moiseyev "spectacular" brought out in conjunction with the company's reappearance here in April for its second American tour. Efficient enough as far as it went, the stereo values were latent rather than apparent, the ensemble being limited to accordions, balalaikas, and the like.

Here, however, the full scope of the Tchaikovsky orchestra is disposed before the microphones, and the results are correspondingly good. The procedures are eminently normal, with no pronounced inclination toward right and left channel separation, rather a broadly extended sound centered between the speakers. By contrast with the average of orchestral recordings imported from Russia prior to the present, a big resonant room (or its equivalent in added reverberation) has been used, contributing much to clarity of detail and perception of the typical Russian tonal quality in oboe, French horn, trumpet, etc.



Blomdahl—"reaches beyond the ordinary concepts of tonality."

In Space with Blomdahl

CAN technology provide a new surge of impulse for the creative forces it has tended to thwart up to now? Some provocative matter for speculation is contained in the appearance of Karl-Birger Blomdahl's "Aniara" in recorded form for the first time (Columbia M2S 902, $11.98, mono M2L 405, $9.98). For "Aniara" (pronounced, by the Swedish performers at least, "Any-ara") is the "space opera" produced at the Edinburgh Festival of 1959 (*SR*, October 17, 1959) in which the artist's emotions are aroused by something not yet invented—a space ship bearing hundreds, who are fleeing something not yet experienced (a radioactive earth).

Compounding their dilemma is the discovery that the ship has been driven off course, that it has lost its navigating controls, and that radio contact has ceased. All aboard, then, are doomed to an eternity of wandering, rather than the mere seven years meted out to the "Flying Dutchman." The layers of symbolism that went into original *epos* of 103 poems by Harry Martinson have been "simplified and concentrated" in the libretto of Erik Lindegren. But there is no question that the strong central theme is a parable: Man's conquest of his environment means nothing if he has failed to conquer his own capacity for self-destruction.

Without mastering all the implications and significances of the symbolism imputed to those who are fellow travelers on this endless journey, the force of this central situation is inescapable. Nor is it a matter of putting oneself in their place. Blomdahl does the putting with a musical concept that reaches beyond ordinary concepts of tonality to the aural susceptibilities which respond to a scream in the night, a nail scratching on a slate, or the wail of an air raid siren.

And yet it is all done with musical means, mostly conventional in notation as the score (Edition Schott) discloses. The exceptions relate to the stretches of pre-recorded tape which are introduced as the "vessel" trends off into the galaxy, no longer a scientific marvel pursuing a sure course to Mars, but an aerial Hell whose only escape hatches liberate the urns in which the dead are enclosed.

Just what the future of "Aniara" in public performance is, however, remains a puzzle. After listening to it twice, I have a compelling sense of the surroundings in which the action occurs—but it is purely a product of my imagination bearing little resemblance to the stilted, stylized visual presentation of the original Stockholm production photographically reproduced in the album. I suspect anyone exposed to the recording will, similarly, compose his own pictures of the ship and its contents.

What is required, it seems to me, is a new mode of treatment altogether: on film, perhaps, or on video tape for televising. The vocal writing, per se, is such that electronic reproduction suits it as well as, if not better (in respect to word projection) than, "live" performance would. Orchestrally, the treatment has strong suggestions of a sound track. Blending the two elements with the maximum of visual freedom possible on film or tape, with cut-in shots of space travel, vistas of the Infinite hardly manageable within a proscenium, would far excel the results possible in a conventional opera house. Of course in one with such unconventional scenic resources as are promised for Lincoln Center, a great deal could be done, and probably will be.

FOR purposes of the present performance, such participants in the original production as Margareta Hallin and Kjerstin Dellert were brought to Vienna, where they were combined with orchestra and chorus of the Volksoper under the direction of Werner Janssen. Doubtless this all has to do with considerations of cost. Janssen's direction fulfils the implications of the score, with some half a dozen pages (mostly orchestral) omitted.

The use of a Swedish text is not really disturbing (the album contains a parallel in English). It is, rather, in keeping with the "far out" concept as a whole, with just enough relationship to known words and familiar expressions ("Jag kommer ifran staden Dorisburg"—"I come from that great city, Dourisburg") to cloak reality with fantasy. The sound engineers have much to do with the success of this venture, and they have done it well. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs and Tapes

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Symphonies Nos. 1 and 8. Pierre Monteux conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. RCA Victor LSC 2491, $5.98.	Not only the combination of works but also the pairing of conductor and orchestra make a perfect pooling of interests: the former for the consistent line of development traced by Monteux in his finely formulated, beautifully articulated performances, the latter for the wholly sympathetic match of intention and execution. Of special note are the Allegretto scherzando of the Eighth, taken at a more than tripping tempo, and the trio of the Tempo di menuetto, in which the Vienna horns are as fluent as they are molten. With the "Pastorale" recently recorded, and his skill with Nos. 2 and 4 well remembered from earlier days, it would be an honor well deserved for Monteux to complete a cycle of the Nine, preferably with the same Vienna orchestra. The sound is typically "Vienna Philharmonic."
Dvorak: Symphony No. 2 in D minor, Opus 70. Karel Sejna conducting the Czech Philharmonic. "The Devil and Kate" Overture. Z. Chalabala conducting the orchestra of the Prague National Theatre. Artia ALP 177, $4.98.	This adds another to the already abundant supply of performances of this work, most of them (especially those by Barbirolli, Haitink, Kubelik, and Szell, to order them alphabetically) of excellent quality. Sejna's is not distanced in any important interpretive respect by the best of them, but the standard of reproduced quality is measurably inferior to those that have profited by latest technique. The overture, a sample of Dvorak's post-American creative period, is worth knowing.
†Falla: "Nights in the Gardens of Spain." Gonzalvo Soriano, piano, with the National Orchestra of Spain, Ataulfo Argenta conducting. Rodrigo: Concerto for Guitar and Orchestra. Narciso Yepes, guitar, with the same. London four-track tape LCL 80010, $7.95.	It is a welcome sign of discrimination on the part of the sponsors of four-track tape that they have included these two fine performances in their library, though Argenta lamentably died in an auto accident several years ago and is thus not rated as a promising "property." However, it will be a long time before anyone surpasses him in this literature, or, for that matter, until more suitable soloists than Soriano or Yepes apply themselves to these tasks. As the Falla work is amply known, attention might be redirected to the Rodrigo, a score of charm, finesse, and much musical distinction, especially the aria-like Adagio. The delicate effects of the guitar profit particularly from the clarity and freedom from extraneous noise of the tape reproduction.
Feld, Jindrich: Concerto. Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, with the Czech Philharmonic conducted by Vaclav Jiracek. Sommer, Vladimir: "Antigone." Prague Symphony conducted by Vaclav Smetacek. Supraphon SUA 10055, $5.98.	Neither Feld nor Sommer is known in this country, but, to judge from these works, both are well qualified to represent their countries, compositionally. Feld's work of 1954 (he was born in 1925) is the more extended of the two, with a challenging solo part which Rampal, as may be expected, plays extremely well. Like Sommer's overture of 1957 (when he was thirty-six), Feld's idiom looks back more than it looks ahead, but he administers it purposefully and with a strong flavoring of drama, atmosphere, and poetic fantasy. Is it accident, one wonders, that one solo arabesque of the flute has a strong suggestion of its solo in the finale of Brahm's Symphony No. 4? Sommer's work, terse and strongly defined, suits its subject well. Good if not outstanding recording.
†Mendelssohn: Concertos in G minor (No. 1) and D minor (No. 2). Rudolf Serkin, piano, with the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. Columbia stereo MS 6128, $5.98; monaural ML 5456, $4.98; four-track tape MQ 308, $7.95.	Serkin's masculine, not to say muscular, performances are a long distance from the politer, more elegant treatment that has long been considered the responsive and responsible answer to the Mendelssohn piano literature. As that was sometimes overdone, so there are suggestions here that Serkin has gone to an extreme of reaction, especially as the reproduction of the piano, clangy and hard on the disc, is thinner, less substantial on the tape. Needless to say, there are customary niceties of treatment, the refinements and insights commonly associated with Serkin at almost every turn of these performances, but the dominant mood and emphasis of the basic attitude are the prevailing factors.
Schuman: Symphony No. 3. Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra. Columbia MS 6245, $5.98.	Schuman's facility in making the orchestra do his will is related (in the sense of being expounded) by Bernstein with all the fullness of *his* facility, which makes for a sequence of dazzling instrumental agitations, interrupted by the quiet of the chorale. It is, in the telling, an ear-filling experience, but the net of it strikes me as display and nothing more. The noisy use of percussion suggests that, even for a composer of thirty-one, Schuman doth protest his muscularity too much. The sound is big, a little boomy, and, particularly in the percussion outbursts, more than a little lacking in definition and aural perspective.
Scriabin: Symphony No. 3 ("Divine Poem"). USSR Radio Symphony Orchestra conducted by Konstantin Ivanov. Artia MK 1543, $4.98.	Add to the nondigestible sweetness of Scriabin's harmonic augmentations a bit of off-center pressing that causes everything at the end of side two to waver slightly and you have an aural mixture more than literally hard to swallow. But in the long stretches not so affected it is aurally evident that, in his orchestral writings of the later period, Scriabin was echoing the idiom of "Parsifal"—no doubt unconsciously—and adding very little of his own. Ivanov, who brandished a band-masterly hand over the Tchaikovsky he conducted here with the Moscow Symphony, treats Scriabin with refinement and poise. The recording is only fair.
†Shostakovitch; Symphony No. 5. Leopold Stokowski conducting the Stadium Symphony Orchestra. Everest four-track tape 43010, $7.95.	There are few more qualified performers of this work than Stokowski, whose conviction in its worth and command of its essence go back to his pioneering 78 rpm recording of the late Thirties. The values of the performance are vividly evident in a tape reproduction of keen response to a wide range of dynamics, slight as well as massive. The only complaint would relate to the amount of blank tape at the end of both tracks, several minutes in each case.
Shostakovitch: Symphony No. 10. Eugene Mravinsky conducting the Leningrad Philharmonic. Artia MK 1523, $4.98.	Thanks to his special perceptions (or, perhaps, as a result of the composer's own influence), Mravinsky's broadened pace and deliberate shaping of some melodic elements provide more gravity and depth of meaning to the slow sections than have been heard in previous performances (Mitropoulos and Ancerl). But there is little he can do to alleviate the synthetic and unconvincing devices to which Shostakovitch has recourse in the fast movements. This is the work in which the French horn is used to summon mankind to "nobler purposes"—that is, it projects Shostakovitch's contribution to mankind's aspirations for peace. This, in truth, he does eloquently, but the sections depicting strife and discord, dissension and disagreement, fluctuate between Marche Militaire and Marche Slave. The sound is quite good.
Strauss: "Don Quixote." George Szell conducting the Cleveland Orchestra, with Pierre Fournier, cello, Rafael Druian, violin, and Abraham Skernick, viola. Epic BC 1135, $5.98.	In all its aspects this issue ranks with the best of "Don Quixote" now available. Fournier's talents for dealing with the solo requirements have been matters of record for ten or so years (he was the soloist in an admired version by the Vienna Philharmonic with Clemens Krauss conducting on London LL 855) and the first-desk men of the Cleveland Orchestra sustain his standard without faltering. Szell does a fine work of clarifying the texture and untangling the thematic strands of this work, meanwhile demanding, and getting, orchestral playing of the first quality. Representative reproduction. —IRVING KOLODIN.

†*Indicates four-track stereo tape.*

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THE OTHER SIDE

Richter on the Thames

LONDON.

THE RICHTER I thought I knew from recordings was an astonishing virtuoso and a musician in whom romanticism and puritanical self-discipline seemed to enjoy an uneasy coexistence. The Richter we saw and heard lately in Royal Festival Hall seemed far removed from the conventional image of the virtuoso. Somewhat stiff in his bearing, shy and strangely aloof, an introvert utterly absorbed in his task, he made one feel as though eavesdropping at an essential private function. While I cannot remember ever hearing the piano played with such complete technical mastery, I never felt that sense of athletic exhilaration which I have often experienced when listening to Rubinstein or Cherkassky. There was power here, to be sure, but far more astonishing was the range and subtlety of touch, the delicacy of phrasing, and the complete subordination of technical prowess to musical purpose.

The Haydn Sonata—No. 29 in F, a strangely wayward piece—contained moments of sheer magic, and its dynamic range showed Richter's astonishing finesse and restraint. I doubt whether finer performances of Prokofiev's Second and Eighth Sonatas are within the bounds of possibility but, for me at any rate, the most remarkable playing of an unforgettable recital came in the smaller pieces—the "Legend" from Opus 12, ten of the "Visions Fugitives," Opus 22, and the group of encores that began with "Suggestion diabolique" and ended with an unfamiliar Berceuse-like piece whose closing bars exuded a sense of stillness rarely equalled on the piano.

As originally scheduled, the opening recital was to have included music by Beethoven as well as Haydn and Prokofiev, but Beethoven has been dropped along with Mozart, who was to have shared the second recital with Chopin and Debussy (the third will be devoted to Schubert and Schumann; at the Albert Hall Richter is to play works by Chopin and Dvorak, while the second concert will be an all-Liszt affair). In the event, and having heard some of Richter's recorded Beethoven, I am not sure that the change was not for the better, though the omission of Mozart does seem regrettable.

That Richter's first visit to London will yield a number of recordings can be taken for granted, for I understand that the local branch of Philips has been given carte blanche in respect of expenditure from the company's Dutch headquarters, and studios have been booked for solo and orchestral sessions. At the recital, too, prominently placed stereo microphones suggested recording activities behind the scenes—I only hope that the result will not be spoiled by a coughing obbligato that belied the recent warm weather and by at least two premature outbursts of applause.

July, as always, is a comparatively lean month for new issues; Decca, in particular, has little to offer apart from a beautifully engineered Bizet disc (Symphony in C/"Jeux d'enfants" and "Fair Maid of Perth" Suites) by Ansermet and the Suisse Romande. Flagstad's recital of Strauss and Wolf lieder (mono only) will sadden anyone with memories of her great days; it would have been kinder not to let us hear such strained singing, and I suspect that Decca has now scraped the bottom of the Flagstad barrel, while the belated appearance of a Backhaus disc entitled "Carnegie Hall Encores"—complete with applause and modulating arpeggios—suggests that the German veteran, too, is no longer active in the studio.

EMI contributes two Mendelssohn discs by Klemperer: one Scottish—Third Symphony and "Fingal's Cave"—the other Shakespearean. The latter is particularly attractive and includes ten separate items from the incidental music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," among them several vocal numbers contributed by Heather Harper, Janet Baker, and an unnamed chorus. Klemperer's leisurely paced Scherzo will seem strange to anyone accustomed to Toscanini, but the effect is quite charming, thanks in no small measure to some beautiful playing by the Philharmonia.

HMV's list contains another Bach disc by Menuhin and the Bath Festival Ensemble; the "Musical Offering," specially edited for Menuhin by Neville Boyling, a recording engineer on EMI's staff. I cannot recall a more satisfying performing version of this lovely work (based on a theme by Frederick the Great); it is splendidly played under Menuhin's leadership and admirably recorded. Fischer-Dieskau turns up for the second time this month in another Schubert recital (his sixth for HMV alone, not counting the Müller cycles.); it contains two Goethe settings, "Der Sänger" and "Der Fischer," but most of the disc is filled by two enormously long works—Schiller's "Die Bürgchaft" and Mayrhofer's "Die Einsamkeit"—both of which take more than a quarter of an hour to perform (I sometimes wonder whether anyone prior to Fischer-Dieskau has ever tackled such songs since the composer's lifetime).

Music by Prokofiev ("Love for three Oranges"), Rimsky-Korsakov ("Spanish Caprice"), and Khachaturian ("Gayaneh") is featured in a concert by the Vienna Philharmonic under Constantin Silvestri, that colorful maestro who has recently severed his ties with his native Rumania and whose appointment as permanent conductor of the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra has just been announced.

A few years ago EMI sent a recording team to London's Fortune Theatre, and the resultant recording of "At the Drop of a Hat" brought world wide fame to Michael Flanders and Donald Swann and their "farrago," paving the way for their Broadway debut. Now EMI has paid a return visit to the same theatre in order to record another brilliant revue, "Beyond the Fringe," the biggest hit of our current theatrical season. (The "fringe" in question refers to the Edinburgh Festival, where the revue was first seen and where entertainments not forming part of the official Festival program are known as "fringe events".)

This show is written and presented by four young men, Alan Bennett, Peter Cook, Jonathan Miller and Dudley Moore, of whom only the last-named, the musician of the group, is a genuine professional. The others made their names in undergraduate productions and plan to pursue careers outside the theatre, careers which may now be threatened by this show's sensational success. In many respects this is a much more genuine revue that "At the Drop of a Hat," for the satire is far sharper, even bitter; unlike so many revues of recent years, however, it avoids the parochial concern with theatrical subjects, preferring to examine wider issues such as politics and religion.

There is a devastating satire of Mr. Macmillan, a sermon of platitudinous vacuity yet horribly true to life, a dissertation on civil defense in the nuclear age frightening in its flippancy; there are musical numbers of variable quality, though one is absolutely brilliant: a mock-Britten setting of "Little Miss Muffet" in which Dudley Moore not only gives us a perfect compendium of Brittenish mannerisms but succeeds in caricaturing Peter Pears's singing in hilarious fashion. This alone would make "Beyond the Fringe" worth while.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs and Tapes

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
†Beethoven: Trio in D, Opus 9, No. 2. Bach: Sinfonias in D (No. 3), in D minor (No. 4), and F minor (No. 9). Schubert: Trio in B flat (No. 2). Jascha Heifetz, violin, William Primrose, viola, and Gregor Piatigorsky, cello. RCA Victor LM 2563, $4.98, LSC 2563, $5.98, four-track tape FTC 2076, $8.95.	Curiously erratic performances, considering the celebrity of the players involved, with some stretches of superb effort (slow movement of the Beethoven in particular) offset by others in which rough sound and blemished intonation are more than occasionally audible. These tend to recur in the fast movements, suggesting either that the hands involved do not move as surely as they once did, or that less than adequate time was expended on preparation. The Bach Sinfonias withstand their transfer from the keyboard to the string medium well. Schubert's work of 1817 is a special delight, with Heifetz doing some of his best playing. A good tape, tonally superior to the disc.
Berg: "Lyric Suite." Webern: Five Pieces (Opus 5), Bagatelles (Opus 9). Juilliard String Quartet. RCA Victor LM 2531, $4.98.	Perception is well mated with precision in these thoroughly controlled, well phrased performances by the Juilliard Quartet (a product of the present ensemble arrangement that mates Isidore Cohen as second violin and Claus Adam, cello, with the enduring leader Robert Mann and the long-time violist Raphael Hillyer). Both works profit from the broadly based sympathies of the Juilliard group, which denies this music nothing of its meaning while keeping dynamics and tone color properly in proportion. The notes, it may be mentioned, are by Oliver Daniel and they are in keeping with the sound service to the composers rendered by all the elements involved. First-class reproduction, also.
Brahms: Quartet in G minor (Opus 25). Festival Quartet. RCA Victor LM 2473, $4.98.	As in the instance of some previous efforts by this group, the results strike me as dutiful, well integrated, tasteful, and otherwise thoroughly professional, everything but impulsive, eloquent, forceful, and meaningful. Some of this may have to do with a lack of energy and conviction in the violin playing of Szymon Goldberg; even more, I think, attaches to the facile but rather superficial performance of the piano part by Victor Babin. Between them, William Primrose, viola, and Nikolai Graudan, cello, are efficient collaborators, but it is not within their power to animate such an ensemble if the impulse is lacking in the normal position of strength—violin or piano.
Hindemith: Quartet (No. 3, Opus 22). Beethoven: Quartet in F minor (Opus 95). Kroll Quartet. Epic BC 1133, $5.98.	The quartet headed by William Kroll makes an excellent case for the Hindemith quartet, a work of 1922, which builds on a premise of contrapuntal discipline to a total effect of considerable meaning. The quartet's contribution to this outcome is, obviously, a positive one, related to painstakingly accurate execution, a sure command of the interrelated parts, and a strong sense of rhythmic pulse. These qualities are also advantageous in Beethoven, though close-up microphoning tends to make the ensemble sound—which is not particularly resonant to begin with—wiry, sometimes unpleasantly so.
Mussorgsky: "Pictures at an Exhibition." Ravel: "Jeux d'eau," "Alborada del gracioso," "La vallée des cloches." Rudolf Firkusny, piano. Deutsche Grammophon 138679, $5.98.	Firkusny's pianistic command continues to develop steadily, enabling him to perform the texts of these works with model efficiency, tonal definition, and dynamic differentiation. He is also keenly aware of the color values and their programmatic content. For all that, however, the performances strike me as curiously stilted and without true magnetism. The reason for this may be that the pieces of the whole remain all too visible, the gradations of tempi almost mathematically defined, to the extent that impulse is replaced by calculation. Excellent piano reproduction.
Ravel: Trio in A minor. Shostakovitch: Trio in E minor (Opus 67). The Czech Trio. Supraphon SUA 10019, $5.98.	Though Josef Palenicek, Alexander Plocek, and Sasa Vectomov are unknown to American fame either individually—in order—as pianist, violinist, or cellist, or as members of an ensemble, they are all musicians of quality with a thoroughly unified view of their undertakings here. There is particular quality in the sound of the Vectomov cello, promising well for a musician who appears (from the cover photo) to be the youngest of the group. As bonus to the familiar Ravel, which they perform meticulously, the disc offers a rare opportunity for acquaintance with the Shostakovitch. A work written to eulogize the critic Sollertinsky, who was killed during the war, it shares the characteristic of Shostakovitch's chamber music in being purer, more true to himself than some of the more performed orchestral works. The recording is reasonably close to hi-fi.
Schubert: Sonata in D, Opus 53. Emil Gilels, piano. RCA Victor LM 2493, $4.98.	With or without regard for the version by Sviatoslav Richter on Monitor (2043), Gilels lacks identity with the pianistic requirements for Schubert. The chordal playing throughout is too percussive, there is a clear deficiency in the kind of singing sound desirable for the slow movement, too much reliance on dynamic contrast rather than warmth of feeling to convey musical meaning. As there is no virtue in merely playing the text—the number of pianists who can do *that* is legion— Gilels's technical resources do not count for much. In totality, a revealing commentary on this particular Soviet pianist's lack of the broad musical culture that would guide him to a more relaxed, less rigid treatment of so typical a Schubertian frolic as the scherzo.
Schubert: Trio in E flat (Opus 100). The Alma Trio. Decca DL 710033, $5.98.	These players (Adolph Baller, piano, Maurice Wilk, violin, and Gabor Rejto, cello) have a strong sense of the two impulses—song and dance—that come and go in Schubert, even in such a work as this. Moreover, in addition to being fully proficient in the techniques of their individual instruments, they share a sensitively adjusted scale of dynamic values and tone colors, so that Wilk's violin line is a continuation of the sound of a phrase as it starts in Rejto's cello, and Baller's piano sound (light, bright, and never percussive) blends with rather than blankets the sonorities of his associates. As a proper complement to the sense and spirit of the performance, the recording is ideally proportioned.
Schumann: "Papillons," "Waldscenen," "Etudes Symphoniques." Robert Casadesus, piano. Columbia MS 6242, $5.98.	If Robert Casadesus is not today's prime exponent of the Schumann literature in his sex (as Guiomar Novaes is in hers) one can only ask: Who is? Here he deals with some lesser as well as better known aspects of it with an insinuating blend of freedom, insight, strength, and delicacy, all administered through a technical command at once easy and vigorous. Moreover, whether he is playing "Vogel als Prophet" with twig-flitting lightness or bearing down on the most orchestral portions of the "Symphonic Etudes," his sound is round, full, and gratifying to the ear.
Tchaikovsky: "Don Juan's Serenade," "The mild stars shone for us," "Child's Song," "Night" (Opus 60), "Cradle Song," "Night" (Opus 73), "Do not ask," "To Sleep," "Disappointment," "The Canary," "None but the lonely heart," "Again, as before, alone," "A Legend," and "As they kept on saying, 'Fool.'" Boris Christoff bass, with Alexandre Labinsky, piano, and Gaston Marchésini, cello. Capitol SG 7236, $5.98.	Christoff's equipment for doing justice to this literature is self-evident; beyond which he has applied his more than respectable mental powers to putting such a song as "None but the lonely heart" in a new perspective of meaning. Among the less common items, sung with a superb command of mezza voce shading are "The mild stars shone for us," "Cradle song," and "To sleep." His two associates are also good. There is, however, a lamentable lack of documentation in the sleeve "copy," a total lack of texts in either Russian or English. —I. K.

†*Indicates four-track stereo tape.*

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THE AMEN CORNER

Midsummer Kit

I COULD pack a small suitcase (say one of the more proconsular dispatch cases) with the discs mentioned hereunder, and be well equipped for vacation with a fine variety of jazz styles and musicians, new and old.

BASIC BLUES. Robert Pete Williams is a blues singer and guitarist of deep Louisiana. He is a musician about whom it is almost inevitable to use the word "primitive." This is too bad, altogether deceptive. His raw voice is full of feeling, and his guitar is a marvel. On the basis of modal harmonies of his own, with little suggestion of Europe, and a great liking for drone basses, he invents a plangent, subtle music, extremely free in phrasing, which is unlike any other blues accompaniment I have ever heard recorded. Each number has its own mood, its own contour; each is, so to speak, a distinctive "composition." The musical resources of this man, who made his first guitar in 1934 with five copper strings and a cigar box, are something to ponder. A Southern friend tells me that the idiom is familiar in Tennessee, but it is hard to believe that many can speak it with the acrid felicity of Williams (Prestige-Bluesville 1026).

Lightnin' Hopkins is a much more orthodox blues singer and guitarist, but one of the most warmly lyrical traditionalists now recording. On his newest LP, "The Walkin' Blues" is a spellbinder, and there are nine other seductions—with Leonard Gaskin, bass, and Belton Evans, drums (Prestige-Bluesville 1019).

GENUINE NEW ORLEANS. New Orleans still contains playing veterans of the early days of jazz, and Riverside has had the enterprise to record two such groups. I would like to propose a bottle of the Founders' Port in honor of Kid Thomas and His Algiers Stompers (Riverside 365) and "Sweet Emma" Barrett and Her Dixieland Boys (Riverside 364). Both of these bands have rough edges; both of them include players of vibrant jazz talent and feeling; both of them play programs of jazz classics with an ensemble fire rare in jazz of any period. The Thomas outfit is conspicuous for wallop, for Louis Nelson's rich trombone, and for the opulent clarinet decor of Albert Burbank. The Barrett combination has a wonderfully rich and rhythmic trumpet in Percy Humphrey, who often suggests the late Joe Smith, a strong clarinet in his brother Willie, and there is also the warranted tailgate trombone of Jim Robinson, the Satchel Paige of his instrument. The band's version of "Down in Honky Tonk Town" is virtually definitive. When the New Orleans style is played with this degree of claim on it, one pities the bearded spacemen of modern jazz criticism who are too far-out to enjoy the treasures of this world.

MODERN JAZZ. Two of the foremost modern jazz men, Milt Jackson, vibraharp, and John Coltrane, tenor sax, join each other in "Bags & Trane" with the premium support of Hank Jones, piano, Paul Chambers, bass, and Connie Kay, drums (Atlantic 1368). The leaders' fluently inventive styles, full of nuance, are ideally matched and their interplay is delicious. The excellent mixed program shows them from the floating lightness of Jackson's "Bags & Trane" to the scherzo grace of Dizzy Gillespie's "Be-Bop." It is always of prime interest to hear what such inventive musicians do with standard themes, and Coltrane's "Three Little Words" is a beautifully shaped example.

The modern jazz world has talked a great deal about the desirability of "new sounds" and of music that possesses "soul." But the "new sounds" often come down, primarily, to unusual sonorities whose freshness quickly wears off, and the "soul" is apt to be a pretty self-conscious straining after an earthy strength of feeling. Both the "new sounds" and the "soul" are often heard in connection with banal thematic material, with very little of formal interest by way of variation. The capacity to compose distinctive jazz themes or orchestral passages is just about as rare as the capacity for distinctive improvisation. Perhaps the former is even rarer. In any case, modern jazz owes a special debt to such composers as Benny Golson, Ornette Coleman, and Thelonious Monk. A new young jazz composer who would seem to bear watching is Daniel Jackson. Seven of his numbers and arrangements are played in "Eastern Lights" by Lenny McBrowne's admirably brisk, polished little band, with Jackson himself on the tenor sax, Donald Sleet, trumpet, Terry Trotter, piano, Jimmy Bond, bass, and McBrowne at the drums (Riverside 346). Jackson's scores are swinging, scintillating little works, sometimes appealingly lyrical. This is the mood of two more Jackson contributions in a program by James Clay, flute and tenor sax, Nat Adderley, cornet, Victor Feldman, vibraharp, Gene Harris, piano, Sam Jones, bass, and Louis Hayes, drums (Riverside 349). Both these discs are full of musicians' music, the McBrowne on the propulsive side, the Clay in the lazier rhythms.

A half-dozen of the late Charlie Parker's tunes are treated with love and authority by a first-class band under the assured baritone saxophone of Cecil Payne, with Clark Terry, trumpet, Duke Jordan, piano, Charles Persip, drums, and Ron Carter, bass. The numbers are "Cool Blues," "Shawnuff," "Relaxin' at Camarillo," "The Hymn," "Bongo Bop," and "Bongo Beep." This is full-bodied, forceful business, and Payne is elegant on the deep horn (Charlie Parker—Carlton PLP-801).

REVIVALS. One of the finest chamber jazz ensembles in history was the Quintet of the Hot Club of France, with the great gypsy guitarist, the late Django Reinhardt, and the violinist Stephane Grappelly. Twelve of their 1949-50 recordings now appear together in a fragrant album which, by itself, would prove the values of jazz internationalism. Here, among other confections, may be found "La Mer," "Honeysuckle Rose," and "After You've Gone." (RCA Victor LPM-2319). And in "The Greatest of Dizzy Gillespie" there are a dozen big and small band performances of the Forties, now historic, led by that ironic genius who is the outstanding trumpet virtuoso in jazz, as well as an improviser of dazzling fecundity. Here we have "Night in Tunisia" as played by the master, those Afro-Cuban incantations called "Cubana Be" and "Cubana Bop," and a number of other items to inspire or scare the wits out of a freshman trumpeter, to say nothing of the whole brass profession (RCA Victor LPM-2398).

—WILDER HOBSON.

Jackson—"floating lightness."

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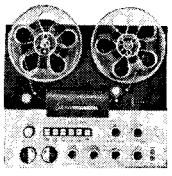

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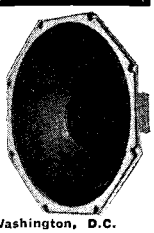

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The Stella-Bastianini "Ballo"

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

FROM 1853 to 1871, Verdi appeared to have lost his grip in a period of awkward growth during which his inability to hit upon or evoke a really viable libretto defeated his increasing mastery. Not one of the five new operas that he composed between "La Traviata" (1853) and "Aïda" (1871) emerged as an entirely satisfactory drama in music. But all five of them—"Les Vêpres siciliennes," "Simone Boccanegra," "Un Ballo in Maschera," "La Forza del Destino," and "Don Carlos"—include arias, concerted numbers, character creations, entire scenes, that no Verdian would willingly forego, however much he may remain disturbed and saddened by the operas' structural flaws.

Deutsche Grammophon now has issued a new version of "Un Ballo in Maschera," the first in stereo (SLPM 138680/682, $20.94). Recorded at La Scala, Milan, conducted by Gianandrea Gavazzeni, and starring Antonietta Stella, Adriana Lazzarini, Gianni Poggi, and Ettore Bastianini, the recording is complete except for some abbreviating of concerted finales. It is the only possible choice for those who want a recording of "Un Ballo" and must have it stereophonic. But as a performance it faces the competition of three other recordings presently available: the RCA Victor recording of two 1954 broadcasts conducted by Arturo Toscanini, with Herva Nelli, Claramae Turner, Jan Peerce, and Robert Merrill; the Angel-La Scala version conducted by Antonino Votto, with Maria Callas, Fedora Barbieri, Giuseppe di Stefano, and Tito Gobbi; and the Cetra version conducted by Angelo Questa, with Mary Curtis-Verna, Pia Tassinari, Ferruccio Tagliavini, and Giuseppa Valdengo. Disregarding questions of age and high fidelity, RCA Victor handily bears away the conductorial honors; the Cetra is stylistically inadmissible; and the Angel comes closest to preserving the wavering drama of the score.

To dispose of serious flaws, Gianni Poggi is quite terribly bad as Riccardo, Conte di Warwich (*né* Gustavus III, King of Sweden) as he strains and cries his way through an attempt to present a central character whom he clearly does not understand, a lack he shares with Giuseppe di Stefano and Jan Peerce, and has not their vocal ability to vivify; Antonietta Stella, sounding something like her original charming self, fails by astronomic distances to realize the mortal drama in which Amelia allows herself to be enmeshed, and therefore pales almost to blankness beside Maria Callas's convincing urgency. On the credit side of the ledger, Ettore Bastianini not only sings "Eri tu" for all its considerable worth, but also makes the passionate, vacillating Creole secretary Renato a recognizably human being with almost the dramatic power that Tito Gobbi brought to the same assignment; Adriana Lazzarini does nearly everything possible with the dimly created character of the Negro seeress Ulrica; and Giuliana Tavolaccini approaches the ideal as the foppish page Oscar.

However welcome, Deutsche Grammophon's presentation of these three records (in a red box also containing a beautifully designed booklet giving us K. H. Ruppel's interesting notes and the complete libretto in Italian, German, English, and French), it cannot conceal the fact that the performance takes hesitant steps toward solving the very numerous problems of "Un Ballo in Maschera." Operatic conducting of the order now practiced by such men as Herbert von Karajan, Carlo Maria Giulini, and the octogenarian Tullio Serafin is prescribed, as is total casting on a level attained here only by the Renato, the Ulrica, and the Oscar. Nothing ever can transform this opera into a musico-dramatic unit of the power of "Rigoletto," "La Traviata," or "Aïda." But such a combination of conducting and casting could heal many of its scars and reduce its insufficiencies. By taking the RCA Victor, Angel, and Deutsche Grammophon recordings and in our imagination piecing together what is best in each of them, we can approach such an ideal performance of "Un Ballo in Maschera." For we should then have a stereophonic recording conducted by Toscanini, with Callas, Barbieri or Lazzarini, Gobbi or Bastianini, and Tavolaccini (though even in this imagined recording we still should be left without a dramatically intelligent Riccardo). Until the equivalent of that impossible version becomes available, the best reality still is the monaural Angel recording.

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Stravinsky

Continued from page 41

my "Capriccio." Maritain was amazingly erudite, and though he was unobtrusively so, to be with him was to learn. I have not seen him since 1942, when he attended a lecture of mine at the University of Chicago. I regret this separation, and the loss of his intellectual charity. I wonder what he would say now about the "Milieu Divin" of Teilhard de Chardin, for instance, or Baron von Hügel's "St. Catherine of Genoa", or the writings of Hügel's rediscovered countryman, Abraham a Sancta Clara.)

Perhaps the strongest factor in my decision to re-enter the Russian Church rather than convert to the Roman was linguistic. The Slavonic language of the Russian liturgy has always been the language of prayer for me, in my childhood as now. I was a regular communicant of the Orthodox Church from 1926 to 1939, and later in America, and though I have lapsed in the last decade—more because of laziness than of intellectual scruple—I still consider myself a Russian Orthodox.

Why, then, did I compose a Roman Catholic Mass? Because I wanted my Mass to be used liturgically, an outright impossibility so far as the Russian Church was concerned, as Orthodox tradition proscribes musical instruments in its services—and as I can endure unaccompanied singing in only the most harmonically primitive music. My Mass has been used in Catholic churches, rarely as yet, but used nevertheless. My Mass was partly provoked by some Masses of Mozart that I found in a second-hand music store in Los Angeles in 1942 or 1943. As I played through these rococo-operatic sweets of sin, I knew I had to write a Mass of my own, but a real one. Incidentally, I heard Machaut's Mass for the first time a year after mine was composed, and I was not influenced in my Mass by any "old" music whatever, or guided by any example.

In 1944, while composing the Kyrie and Gloria, I was often in company with Franz Werfel. As early as the spring of 1943, the distinguished poet and dramatist tried to encourage me to write music for his "Song of Bernadette" film. I was attracted by the idea and by his script, and if the conditions, business and artistic, had not been so entirely in favor of the film producer I might have accepted. I actually did compose music for the "Apparition of the Virgin" scene, however, and this music became the second movement of my Symphony in Three Movements. (The first movement of the symphony was composed in 1942; I thought of the work then as a concerto for orchestra.) Werfel was a person of acute musical judgment himself; when I showed him my newly composed "Ode"[6] he quickly remarked that the first movement was "a kind of fugue with accompaniment." I respected and admired him for other qualities, too, of course, and above all for his great courage, and for his sense of humor. Werfel was an attractive person, with large, lucid, magnetic eyes—indeed, his eyes were the most beautiful I have ever seen, as his teeth were the most horrible.

[6]The middle movement of the "Ode" was also intended for film use, originally. The agents of Orson Welles had urged me to compose the music for his "Jane Eyre," and as I was charmed by that book and fascinated by the Brontës in general, I composed this piece for one of the hunting scenes. All of my aborted film music, the "Norwegian Moods" (misnamed because of my poor understanding of English—I prefer to call them "Quatre Pièces à la Norvégienne"), the "Eclogue" ("Ode"), the middle movement of the 1945 Symphony, and the Scherzo à la Russe, belongs to the years 1942-1944.

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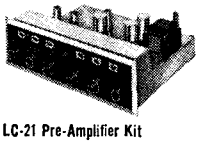

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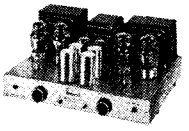

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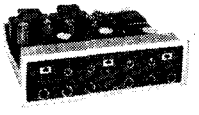

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Arias

Continued from page 42

fear, can only lead to spills and broken necks. Yet, leading up to the A flat of the "Pagliacci" Prologue, the pace of the accompaniment becomes so deliberate that only a fantastically endowed baritone could approach the climax with éclat; for, as quite a few aspiring Tonios have discovered, the A flat is only the first, and the less formidable, of two hurdles that lie at the end of this aria and follow frighteningly one upon the other. Without considerable momentum, a broken neck is a sure thing. "O patria mia" ("Aïda"), as these recordings present it, displays more of the same faults, needlessly squandering the breath and vitality that even the most richly equipped singers find indispensible. If, on the positive side, a singer finds it comparatively easy to sing to the steady four-four "Toréador" ("Carmen") accompaniment, I suspect it is because we have fallen into the hurdy-gurdy concept of the tune, and overlook the dramatic subtleties of Escamillo.

In searching for an explanation and a use for this elaborate and costly compendium, I am moved to ask who should sing what. Butterfly's "Un bel dì" is naturally included, but on the lyric soprano disc. Is Butterfly a lyric role? Spinto, yes. I believe that the difference is important, and that the young artist should be aware of the difference. In spite of the fact that some lyric sopranos have essayed the part—and I am mindful that Toti dal Monte's childlike realism made her performance famous—there is far more drama in Butterfly's music than most lyric sopranos can cope with. Wasn't Geraldine Farrar, who also sang Elizabeth, Elvira, and Carmen, a notable Butterfly? Do we think of Renata Tebaldi or Leontyne Price, who add luster both to themselves and to Butterfly, as lyric sopranos? I raise the same question about the inclusion on the same disc of "Elsa's Dream" ("Lohengrin") and "Vissi d'arte" ("Tosca"), and think at once of Lotte Lehmann and Maria Jeritza, whose conceptions of these parts were anything but lyric. Now, when these recordings journey to far places, as they will, is this dubious standard the one we want to set for young singers whose voices and minds are developing and who, unless they are carefully guided, are the very ones who will regard a production like this as definitive?

In conversation the other day, a listener referred to the recordings as "innocuous." I disagree profoundly, because they can actually mislead a serious young artist who needs musical insight into, and with, his accompaniments. Someone suggested that they "might do" for schools that have no access to such orchestral accompaniments. It is precisely there that, in my opinion, the pedestrianism, the lack of musical personality, and the want of deep penetration—to say nothing of questions of judgment—can do real harm, because it is there, where the need is greatest, that the recordings—all eight of them—will be most quickly revered. Yet, the very habits—of unrelenting tempo, of unimaginative phrase, of inflexible pulse, of neglected custom—that the recordings encourage are the ones for which a debutant would be murderously criticized if he were to be governed by them on the stage.

We may ask, then, if there is a need and a place for recordings of this sort. Let's go a step farther. Is it possible to devise generally usable accompaniments which will, by a miracle, enhance everybody's performance?

I think the answer is no. Although we have had some attempts in the field of chamber music—alleged aids to practice—in the "minus one" versions, and more recently a few piano accompaniments for songs, I think, if we are aiming at an incentive to performance with individuality, that the universally acceptable is nearly impossible to achieve.

We know, for instance, that under the same conductor a symphony's playing time will vary from day to day; and that, in live performance, dynamics will change; we know, too, that under the ebb and flow of a singer's vitality the élan of his performance rises and falls so that one performance differs startlingly from its predecessor. But isn't this the essence of true artistry? Isn't this very lifelike quality the ultimate aspiration of every honest artist? On this premise, isn't it futile to attempt to guarantee, or even provide, sameness for the common use of every Tom, Dick, and Harry?

In spite of my reservation that any such project will fall short of its goal, I think my chief objection to these recordings is their stupefying effect on a lively performance. Music is concerned with the creation of a living entity, with human presence, even with all the failings and imperfections of such presence. When, instead of encouraging the young to risk everything for the sake of a vivid, exciting, personal exposition, we permit them to be mesmerized and constricted by a routine, metronomic, colorless, and impersonal guide so that they compromise and accept the second-rate, we are doing not only the young artists themselves but the whole art of song, and music, a distinct disservice.

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LETTERS TO THE

RECORDINGS EDITOR

TWO FOR PERGOLESI

NOW THAT LONDON has generously let us have the "St. Matthew Passion" on the Richmond label, is there any way to encourage their making available their 78 rpm recording of the Pergolesi "Stabat Mater"? Even on second-hand 78s it is worth hearing—and surely the admirers of Kathleen Ferrier would welcome this recording of her voice as well.

AMY M. CHARLES.
Greensboro, N. C.

IN VIEW OF THE number of Kathleen Ferrier records on the market, why doesn't someone issue an LP recording of Pergolesi's "Stabat Mater"? I don't know about other record collectors, but as far as I'm concerned I'd pay vast sums to obtain an LP version of it.

GODFREY LEE.
San Francisco, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The welcome procedure would seem to be to restore all of Ferrier's recordings, especially as the Richmond label is available for such matter.*

"WHITE HORSE" IN GERMAN

I AM AN ARDENT reader of your magazine and especially enjoy your reviews of records. I noticed in one of the last issues that Angel Records has put out a complete recording of the "White Horse Inn" in English.

I am extremely interested in obtaining the "White Horse Inn" (or "Weisses Rössel") complete in German, and wonder if you know of any such recording.

I would very much appreciate hearing from you.

MRS. LEWIS D. MILLER.
Belmont, Calif.

"THREE YEARS OF STEREO"

I AM ONE OF THOSE who insist upon excellence both in performance and recorded sound. To this end I have secured high-quality components, and will not accept anything less in recorded music.

The advent of stereo did not stampede me into buying additional equipment. However, in the past several years it has become increasingly difficult to secure replacement parts for my mono equipment (e.g., cartridge replacements). To be sure, these can still be obtained, but only by placing an order through a local dealer, who must then order it from the manufacturer.

At the same time the quality of monaural records has markedly deteriorated. Time and time again I have heard what sounded like good performances on stereo records, or have read glowing reviews of stereo records, only to discover that the monaural versions of the same items were quite unacceptable from the standpoint of sound.

In my own experience, monaural recordings produced several years ago are more likely to be acceptable than those made recently, primarily for stereo. Because of this I have practically ceased buying records. And also because of this I have gone into stereo tapes.

I find that with my two speakers (a pair of Klipsch horns) my old mono records sound even better than ever. I am buying tapes cautiously: a) to replace my old mono records as they wear out, and b) to augment my library with the best possible performances of the "big machines" as they begin to appear on tape. For chamber music I would just as soon purchase mono records if suitable ones are available. But for opera, large choral works, and symphonic music, tape has given me finer sound than I have ever heard before. The only handicap is the presently restricted catalogue of tapes—with respect to quality of performance.

I am grateful that you have begun to review 7½-inch reel tapes.

MAURICE H. FRIEDMAN, M.D.
Washington, D. C.

YOUR ARTICLE, "Three Years of Stereo," was timely and intelligent, and as such, will probably be ignored by the record industry. For any record buyer interested in musical quality—who may find beauties in even an acoustic disc that were never captured by later achievements of mere sound reproduction—today's situation is often angering as well as frustrating.

Just within the last year, for instance, RCA has deleted all of the Kapell recordings. None of these can be "replaced" by another artist, particularly the Chopin Third Sonata and the Rachmaninoff "Paganini" Variations, because of their unique combination of brilliancy, power, and vivacity. The stereo replacement of the Prokofiev Third itself raises several questions of taste, judgment, and sense.

This, of course, is only one crime of deletion and senseless, usually tasteless replacement of one artist by only one company. The aggregate sins are incomprehensible.

While there seems to be no single answer to the problems which you pertinently raised, perhaps Victor, for one, could be begged to place more of these recordings in the "archive" category, not to be stocked by dealers but available on order.

The recording companies might also realize that there are no more stereo Fourth's, Fifth's, or Sixth's, or 1812's needed (1965 may find a hundred of each in fully bloated stereo), that there are artistic responsibilities, as well as monetary gains in their business. If good taste is replaced by parody, we may as well turn off the electricity and flock to the concert hall, there to forget about stereo, etc., and merely *listen.*

R. D. MOYNIHAN.
Rapid City, S. D.

SCHMIDT AND JANACEK

READING YOUR note on "Schmidt of Vienna" made me feel even more indignant than I was already after reading your . . . review of Janacek's profoundly moving masterpiece, "Cunning Little Vixen."

I wish you to know that I am one of the "takers." Schmidt's Fourth Symphony is a deeply felt expression which, if it were to be recorded by a leading company with a fine conductor, would receive much more attention. It might also fare better if it were more readily available in retail shops than was the recently deleted Epic version of this work.

The structure of the symphony is of great interest. And though the work may sprawl a little, its sincerely rich thematic material more than compensates.

This would, perhaps, be a good place to stop, but since my pen is going, I would like to add a few remarks on behalf of the Janacek opera. Mr. Weinstock has no understanding whatever of the later romantics. He calls Strauss's "Capriccio" a minor masterpiece, doesn't admit Bruckner to the realms of the great, and refuses to give Mahler a chance. Now it is true that everyone has a right to dislike whatever he wants. All things considered, however, vicious, unmusical attacks on such masterpieces as "Cunning Little Vixen" are quite without foundation.

BERNARDO J. BENOLIEL.
Detroit, Mich.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Would that the music had as much passion.*

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PERSONALS

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(Continued on page 58)

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CLASSIFIED

(Continued from page 57)

VACATIONS

BLUEBERRY HILL! BLUEBERRIES! Nothing whatever to do. Lucullan food. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

HONESTLY, IF IT'S A LAKESIDE, deep woods, friendly, unglamorized vacation you want, then try our "hideaway" where we enjoy fine food, good Hi-Fi music, sports, animated conversation, relaxed fun like chess, scrabble, a loafing patio, sunbathing floats, boats, canoes, tennis, unsurpassed hiking, cool nights, star-gazing, moonlight sings, square dancing, see our Brochure T. Chanterwood, Box 121, Lee, Massachusetts. Near Tanglewood, Jacob's Pillow and all Berkshire attractions.

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7-29

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1427

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Antagonist.	145 38 153 24 58 69 113 91 162
B. State of sleep (3 wds.).	151 45 2 90 55 177 106 116 165
C. Genus of the kiwi.	15 66 36 128 25 175 42
D. Harmful; criminal.	147 176 183 168 109 188
E. To paint with red lead or vermilion.	70 186 99 7 137 166 77
F. Duly and willingly submissive to control.	22 27 37 48 189 108 158 136
G. Conforming to a standardized doctrine.	28 35 9 76 121 97 130 19
H. A Belgian marble, dull red with blue and white markings.	11 104 142 187 61
I. To merit, as by labor or service.	17 13 23 50
J. Obtuse.	112 184 118 57 100 171 43 143
K. Apoplexy, in plant pathology.	181 26 8 51
L. Antibody capable of neutralizing the poison which originally caused it.	95 40 174 141 149 125 33 1 14
M. Profoundest reaches of the oceans.	148 98 82 75 4 155
N. The science of nutrition.	87 47 10 20 160 29 83 190 123 78

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Women's high cone-shaped headdress with a veil, 15th cent.	163 101 96 182 49 115
P. Ancient Ionian region usually considered home of of the Cumaean sibyl.	18 62 139 111 167 44 92 5
Q. Traditionally, what undesirable pests are said to come out of.	56 157 59 86 117 65 138 30
R. Not specifically defined in WNI, but in common contemporary use meaning by top command, ultimate authority, etc. (comp.).	127 84 16 88 172 150 60 161 67
S. Injudicious.	105 93 81 52 170 73 64 135 126
T. Of the nature of an involuntary moving by an organism, or any of its parts, in response to some outside stimulus, as light, a chemical etc.	114 102 46 63 71 79 144 94 159 180 131
U. Greek philosopher enslaved in Rome, who taught independence of external things and reliance on inner character.	119 54 154 179 124 41 103 132 74
V. Describing a long-maintained admiring surprise (comp.; Chaucer).	191 12 122 34 129 146 53 178
W. Pestilential.	156 72 185 134 140 110 173 6 68
X. Metal filings.	21 85 107 32 120
Y. Without scales (zoological term).	89 31 169 80 164 133 39 3 152

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

						1 L	2 B		3 Y	4 M	5 P		6 W	7 E	8 K	9 G								
10 N	11 H	12 V	13 I	14 L		15 C	16 R	17 I		18 P	19 G	20 N	21 X	22 F	23 I	24 A								
25 C	26 K		27 F	28 G	29 N	30 Q	31 Y		32 X	33 L	34 V	35 G	36 C	37 F	38 A									
39 Y	40 L		41 U	42 C	43 J	44 P	45 B	46 T	47 N	48 F	49 O	50 I	51 K	52 S	53 V									
54 U	55 B	56 Q	57 J	58 A		59 Q	60 R	61 H	62 P		63 T	64 S	65 Q	66 C	67 R	68 W								
69 A		70 E	71 T	72 W	73 S	74 U		75 M	76 G	77 E	78 N		79 T	80 Y	81 S	82 M								
83 N	84 R	85 X	86 Q		87 N	88 R	89 Y		90 B	91 A	92 P	93 S	94 T		95 L	96 O								
97 G		98 M	99 E	100 J	101 O	102 T	103 U	104 H	105 S	106 B	107 X	108 F	109 D	110 W		111 P								
112 J	113 A	114 T		115 O	116 B	117 Q		118 J	119 U	120 X	121 G	122 V	123 N		124 U	125 L								
	126 S	127 R	128 C		129 V	130 G	131 T	132 U	133 Y	134 W	135 S	136 F	137 E	138 Q	139 P									
140 W	141 L	142 H	143 J	144 T	145 A		146 V	147 D	148 M		149 L	150 R	151 B	152 Y	153 A	154 U								
155 M	156 W	157 Q	158 F		159 T	160 N	161 R	162 A		163 O	164 Y	165 B		166 E	167 P	168 D								
	169 Y	170 S	171 J	172 R	173 W	174 L	175 C		176 D	177 B		178 V	179 U	180 T	181 K	182 O								
183 D	184 J		185 W	186 E	187 H	188 D	189 F	190 N	191 V															

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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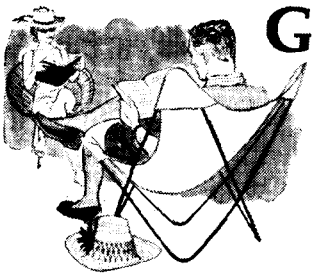

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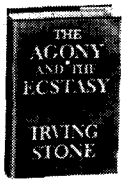

455. THE AGONY AND THE ECSTASY *by* IRVING STONE (Retail price $5.95)

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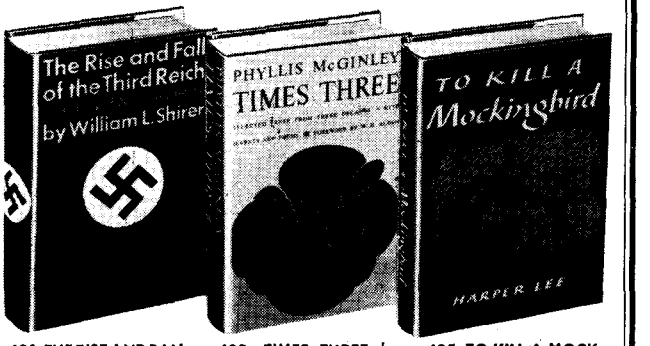

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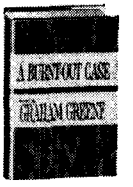

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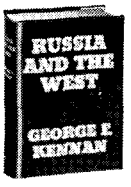

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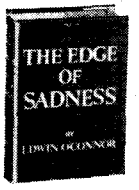

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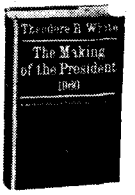

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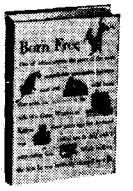

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